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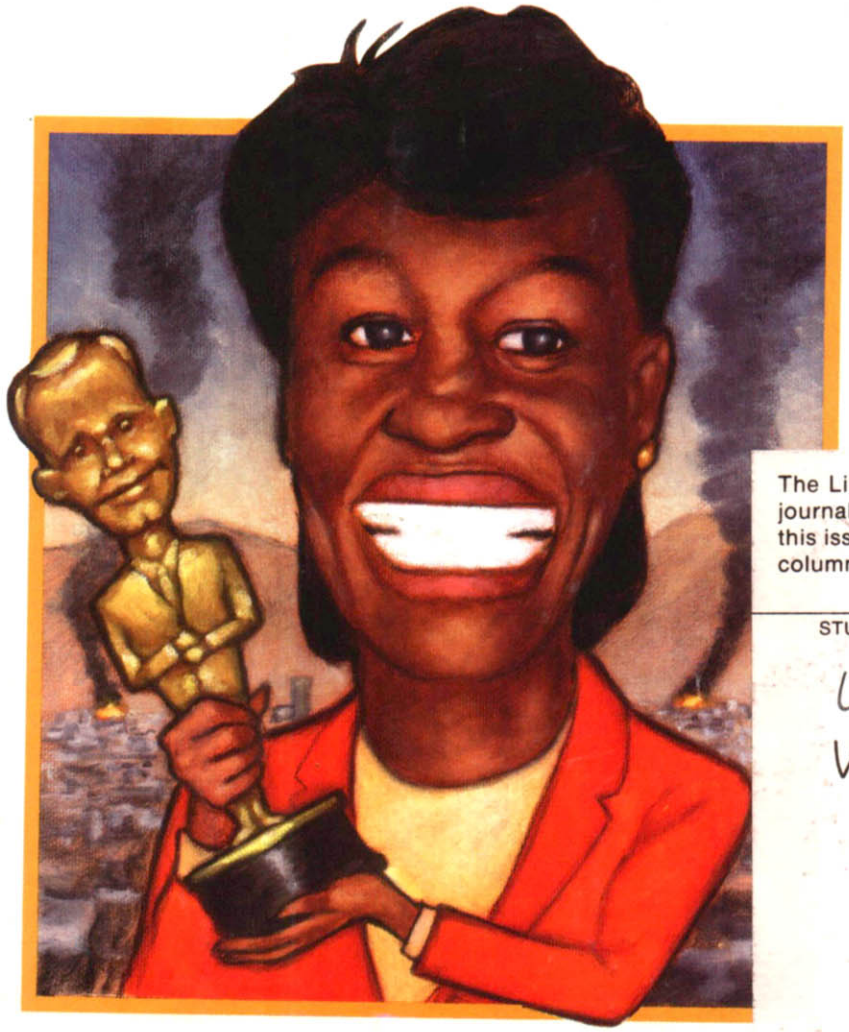

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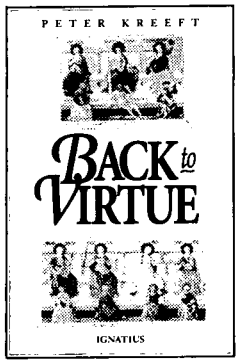


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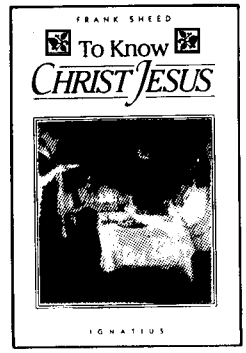


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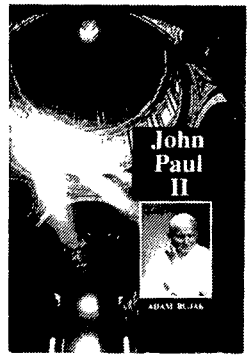


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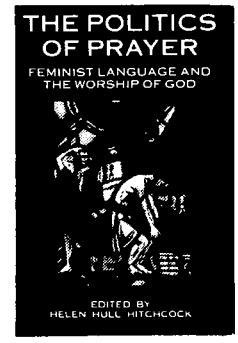


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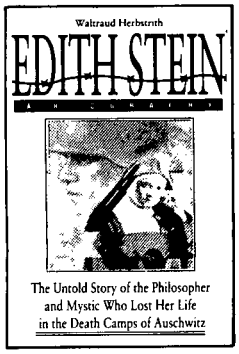
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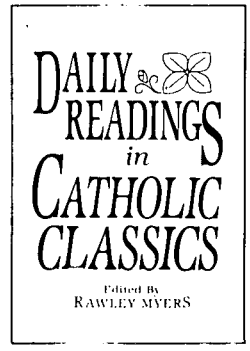


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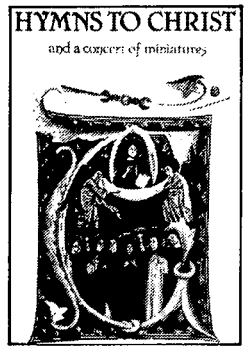


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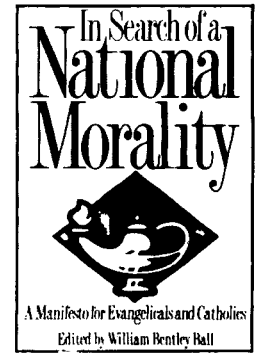


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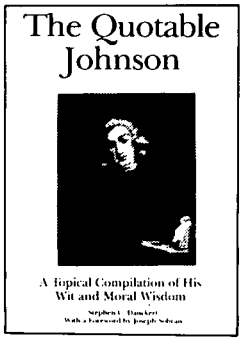


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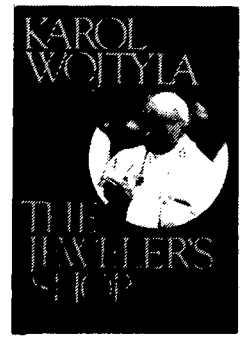


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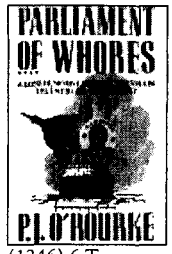

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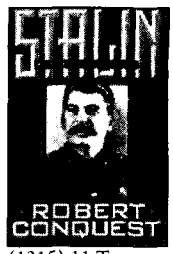

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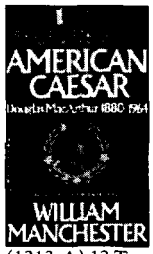

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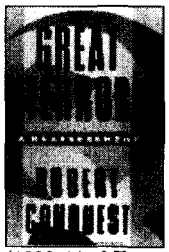

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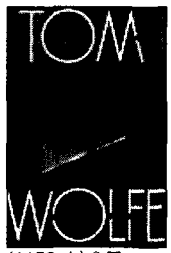

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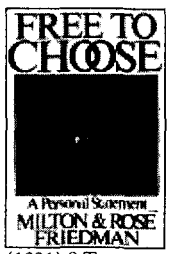

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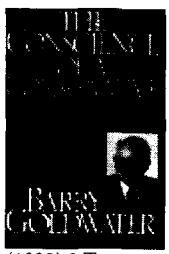

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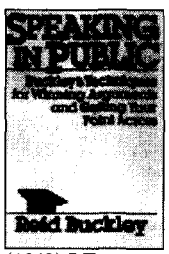

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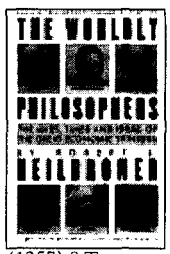

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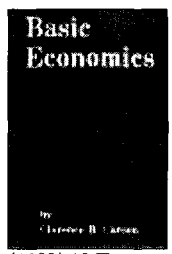

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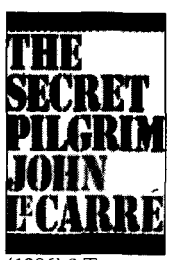

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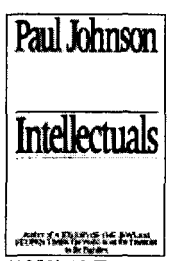

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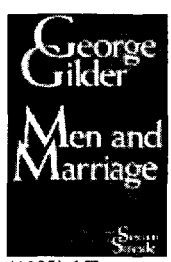

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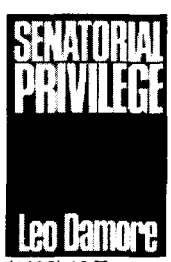

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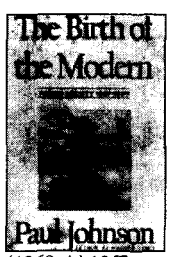

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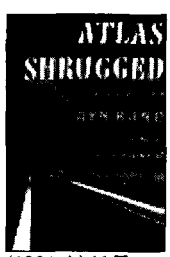

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# Those "West Bank" Settlements
## Are they *really* the "greatest obstacle to peace"?

Not too long ago, then Secretary of State James Baker made the astonishing comment that Israeli settlements in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") were the greatest obstacle to peace in the Middle East. This claim is constantly being repeated; many have come to accept it as truth. Could Mr. Baker possibly be right? It's a serious accusation and it deserves examination.

### What are the facts?

**A recap of history.** Some thumbnail history may be in order. Large numbers of Jews have been living in these territories since biblical times. Most of the Arabs living there are in fact relative newcomers. "Palestine" is the entire area now covered by Israel, including Judea/Samaria (the so-called "West Bank") *and* what is now the Kingdom of Jordan. It originally also included the Golan Heights, which later, in an agreement between England and France, were ceded to France, and to Syria as the successor in possession. In 1922, contrary to the Mandate of the League of Nations, the British severed the entire area east of the Jordan and gave it to the Hashemite Arabs for their assistance in World War I. Thus, fully 75% of Palestine, all of which under the Mandate and under the terms of the Balfour Declaration was meant to be a homeland for the Jewish people, was lost for that purpose. Only the area west of the Jordan was left for Jewish settlement.

**How the West Bank became "Arab country".** In 1947, after decades of strife between Arabs and Jews, the British decided to relinquish the Mandate. The UN stepped in and proposed a partition plan under which the country (west of the River) was to be divided into respective Arab and Jewish areas. Jerusalem was to be internationalized. The Jews accepted the plan; the Arabs refused it out of hand. In 1948, on the twice truncated territory allotted to them by the U.N., the Jews declared their independence, and the state of Israel was born. On the same day, six Arab armies invaded the new-born state. In what can be described as an almost biblical miracle, the Jews defeated them. When an armistice was finally secured, however, TransJordan remained in possession of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; Egypt remained in possession of the Gaza Strip. TransJordan then renamed itself Jordan.

**The Six-Day War.** Once in possession of the "West Bank" and East Jerusalem, the Jordanians promptly proceeded to expel all Jews and systematically to desecrate and to destroy most Jewish sacred places, cemeteries and houses of worship. No Jews, regardless of citizenship were allowed into the "West Bank" or East Jerusalem, the locale of the Western Wall, the holiest site in Judaism. In 1967, Egyptian president Abdel Nasser joined by the same array of Arab armies that had unsuccessfully tried to destroy Israel at its birth in 1948, launched another war against Israel "to drive the Jews into the sea" and into oblivion, once and for all. But the Israelis utterly defeated the combined Arab might in the 6-Day War, one of the greatest military victories in history. When the dust of war settled, the Israelis had not only retained their national territory, but had repossessed the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights and had occupied the vast Sinai Peninsula.

> "Why should the Arab countries and the 'West Bank' be the only places in the world where Jews are not allowed to live?"

It is clear from this abbreviated history that the Israeli claim to the "West Bank" is far stronger than that of the Arabs. About 100,000 Jews now live there. And why shouldn't they? Why should the Arab countries and the "West Bank" be the only places in the whole wide world where Jews are not allowed to live? How can 100,000 Jews living among 700,000 Arabs be the "greatest threat to peace"? How can our government be concerned about a new settlement of a few mobile homes on some barren Judean hills as the "greatest threat to peace", when we seem to be oblivious and totally unconcerned about the unrelenting hostility of the Arab countries, the de facto incorporation of Lebanon by Syria, the Scuds and chemical weapons still remaining in Iraq, and the relentless and ominous build-up of Syria's missile forces?

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

**Volume 25 Number 11, November 1992**
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# ABOUT THIS MONTH

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*by Wladyslaw Pleszczynski*

IN LATE SEPTEMBER I MET with a thoughtful young journalist who'd come to Washington from afar for a few weeks. He was somewhat startled at how bleak the Bush Administration's prospects were beginning to seem, and he mentioned hearing growing speculation that the President's demise would prove calamitous for Republicans across the board on November 3. In other words, it would be 1964 all over again, only worse. Not that he was fretful. Recriminations would no doubt ensue, he said, but they would prove useful in getting the right to re-examine its politics in preparing for future wars.

THAT'S ASSUMING THE RIGHT would be in a position to fight at all. According to Grover Norquist ("The Coming Clinton Dynasty," page 24), if Clinton wins, conservatives won't know what hit them. A party that relies on the powers of government for its livelihood will increase those powers to stay in power. And that will require treating the opposition more than ever as the enemy, by extra-constitutional means if necessary. Already the Democrats profit from such fifth columns as the Office of the Special Prosecutor (see page 66 for Michael Ledeen's review of Elliott Abrams's absorbing and defiant exposé of Grand Inquisitors Lawrence Walsh and Craig Gillen) and the Congressional Budget Office, the brains behind the Clinton campaign's willful distortions of Reaganomics (see Edward McFadden's "Clinton's Funny-Number Factory," page 48). If it's treachery the Democrats love, why can't they do something honorable for once and join the Mafia? Edward Conlon reports that its ranks could use replenishing (see "Mob Stories," page 28).

IF ONLY P.J. O'ROURKE had the Mob's luck. Since 1989, and without the help of the FBI—as a vintage American, he relies exclusively on the innate volunteerism of our readership—he has been publishing annual lists in these pages of his and your New Enemies. They know who they are, and so do we—and their numbers refuse to dwindle. As this year's list reveals (page 35), the same holds true of their sponsors. Maybe my friend from afar had a point: we could be doing something wrong.

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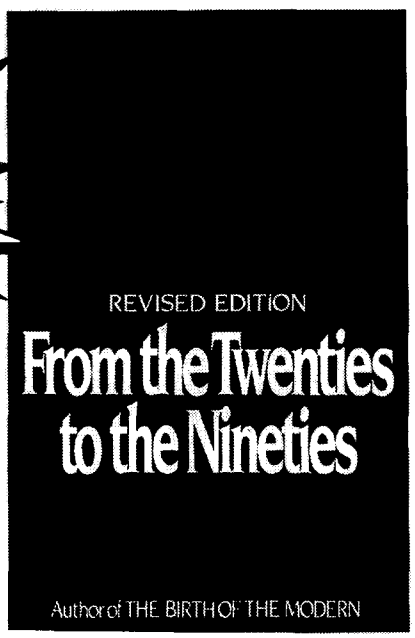


## *Paul Johnson rescues the 1980s from the liberals*

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"His central themes are the bankruptcy of moral relativism, social engineering, and totalitarian regimes . . . a fascinating book. Johnson's range is vast, his citations are impressive, and he has a knack for the apposite quotation."—*Library Journal*

"A truly distinguished work of history."—Robert Nisbet, *New York Times*

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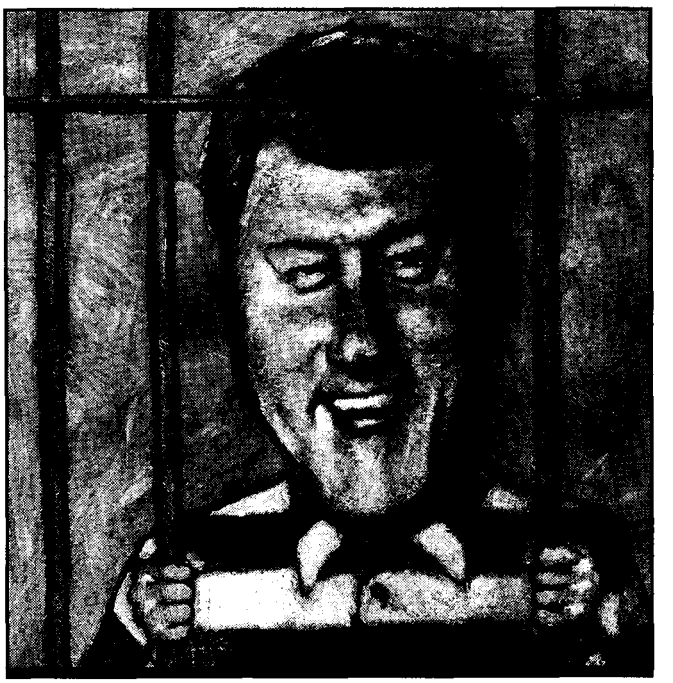

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*Conservatives who think the Clinton Administration will be a short interregnum are making a disastrous mistake. For since Watergate, Democrats have learned to deal behind the scenes to ensure their re-election—with or without popular support.*

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Cover illustration by David Turner. Interior art by David Turner, Jake Tapper, and John Springs.

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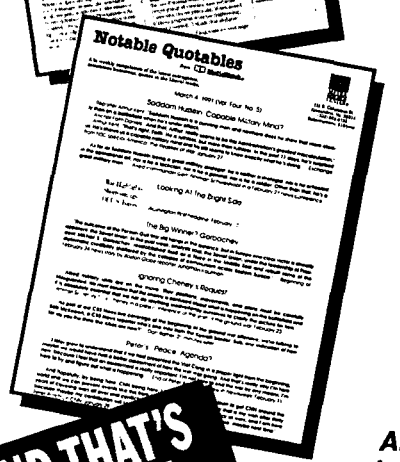


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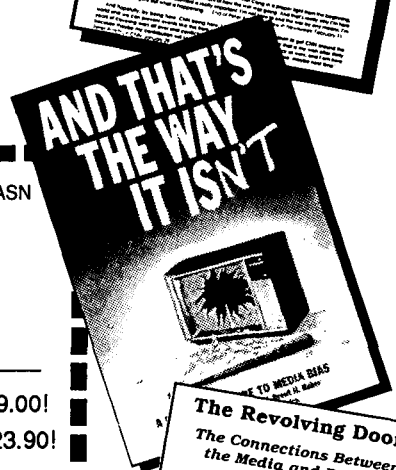


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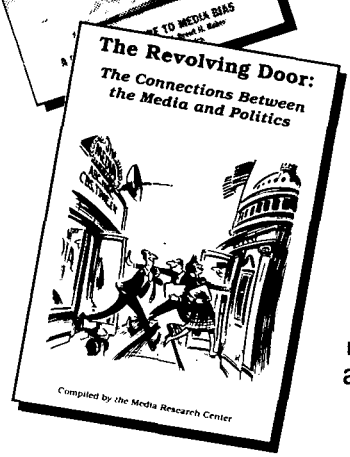


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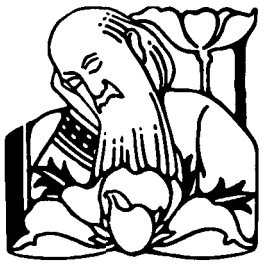

# Faith and Intelligence:

# Are They Compatible?

Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational. Yet recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From the Ivy League to Vanderbilt to Stanford, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, hedonism, technological utopianism, egotism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, justice, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

The *Times* article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such diverse giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Thomas More, Kierkegaard, Newman, Dostoyevsky, Chesterton, Bonhoeffer, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Niebuhr, Solzhenitsyn, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Martin Luther King Jr., Flannery O'Connor, Simone Weil, Mother Teresa, Graham Greene, Malcolm Muggeridge, and Pope John Paul II.

A robustly Catholic monthly magazine, we support the teachings of Holy Mother Church — be they doctrinal, sexual, or social — and do so without getting mean or anti-ecumenical about it. Our ecumenism is such that we embrace and engage non-Catholics at the highest common denominator of faith, not the lowest. We've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by Bernard Cardinal Law as "excellent," by Berkeley's John T. Noonan Jr. as "indispensable," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," by Carl F.H. Henry, the eminent evangelical theologian, as "exceedingly well done," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world."

Those who write for us — Sheldon Vanauken, Robert N. Bellah, John Lukacs, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Avery Dulles, Robert Coles, Richard J. Mouw, Christopher Lasch, Eileen Egan, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Peter Kreeft, and others — express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and heart. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. We'll keep you on your toes.

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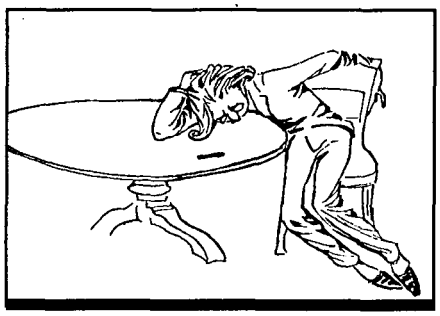
• Nineteen ninety-two continues to be an extraordinarily successful year for natural disasters. In September a prominent earthquake provoked 30-foot tidal waves to impinge upon Nicaragua, leaving thousands homeless and Nicaragua's beaches completely clear of nude sunbathers. Flash floods of impressive force may have drowned as many as three thousand people in Afghanistan. An official insurance-industry estimate of claims payable to survivors of Hurricane Andrew reached $7.3 billion. Hurricane Iniki bowled over homes in Hawaii, causing President Bush to declare the island a disaster area; and Boy Clinton continued to maintain his prodigious lead over the hapless President George Bush, who it appears has now lost the support of Mr. Tom Bethell. That the Clinton lead should be so stable perplexes some students of the great game of politics. After all, Boy Clinton has more skeletons in his closet than a body snatcher. His policy statements are as abundant with holes as a large square of *fromage suisse*, and smell no sweeter.

• The explanation for the Clinton lead is to be found in the polluted atmosphere of our *Kultursmog,* where puerile leftist notions stifle clear thought, extinguish diversity, and sozzle even sound thinkers. There, in the gloom that invades so many areas of American life, the dominant voices of American culture decreed several yesteryears ago that it was unscrupulous to speak ill of liberalism. To chide a liberal for the failed policies of liberalism was to play the role of the mountebank, the racist, the male chauvinist, the McCarthyite, the "gay-basher." In point of fact, the criticism of liberalism was even labeled "liberal-bashing" and accorded the same villainous and benighted connotation thitherto accorded the physical belaboring of poofters. The Bush campaign, especially susceptible to the *Kultursmog*, dares not remind the electorate that wherever liberalism dominates, chaos and irritability prevail. It cooperated with the *Kultursmog*'s grim estimate of the Reagan Administration, the most successful presidency since the New Deal. And then, somewhat mysteriously, its leading machiavels were overcome by fatigue and stupidity. The Bush Administration hastened a conservative crack-up, and now all that will save the President from defeat will be the roguishness of Boy Clinton. Mr. Jack Kemp waits in the wings.

• Prospects for a bright Democratic future improved markedly when, on September 15, former Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry won a landslide election to a seat on the city council. But there was sadness, too, for progressive politics. In Florala, Alabama, Mr. H.T.



Mathis faced his last hurrah. After being impeached in 1988 for improperly granting pardons to drunk drivers and wearing pajamas to a court hearing, the Hon. Mathis—also known as the Voodoo Mayor for spreading his famous voodoo powder throughout city hall during a dispute with Florala's police chief—attempted a comeback in the Democratic primaries but finished sixth after finding only eighteen mental defectives to support him.

• September brought dismaying evidence that American feminism's fevers are spreading to the United Kingdom. Consider the fiery Miss Jacqueline Bridger, 46. In London's Old Bailey, her former employer, Mr. Michael Sargent, 53, testified that three years after Miss Bridger left his employment she was still "so strongly" attracted to him that she entered his office, doused herself with gasoline, and attempted to turn herself into a human torch. Mr. Sargent prevented her from causing a "general conflagration" by throwing his person upon her foul-smelling body. In Israel, the Israeli Health Ministry rebuffed six British women intent on giving birth among dolphins in the Red Sea. The disturbed women had hoped that the dolphins would "make contact with the fetuses via ultrasonic waves" for purposes that remain obscure. American womanhood remained competitive. In Arvada, Colorado, Miss Deborah Butler threatened to murder President George Bush because "she was having problems with her life and wanted attention." And in Hillsdale, Michigan, animal-rights advocate Miss Pam Baumgartner had herself imprisoned in a 10-by-10-foot metal cage to raise money for the Hillsdale Humane Society. Apparently, a relieved community is paying her to remain behind bars.

• Falkville, Alabama continues to be plagued by an unexpected outbreak of "exploding melons." Miss Jean Spradlin, a local expert, believes the explosions, which have taken place repeatedly on her carpet, are from what scientists call "fruit blotch," and she vows "there will never be another watermelon coming in my house." On September 22, Mr. Phil Donahue, the genius of television colloquy, set new standards for his art when he ventilated the hitherto taboo subject of husbands who break wind with their wives in public and then scud off, leaving their wives to explain the malodorous consequences. Mr. Donahue interviewed several wicked husbands along with their sorely abused wives, and with his famed mixture of indignation and incredulity inquired as to how they could commit such debased acts in public, in mixed company, and in crowds where an



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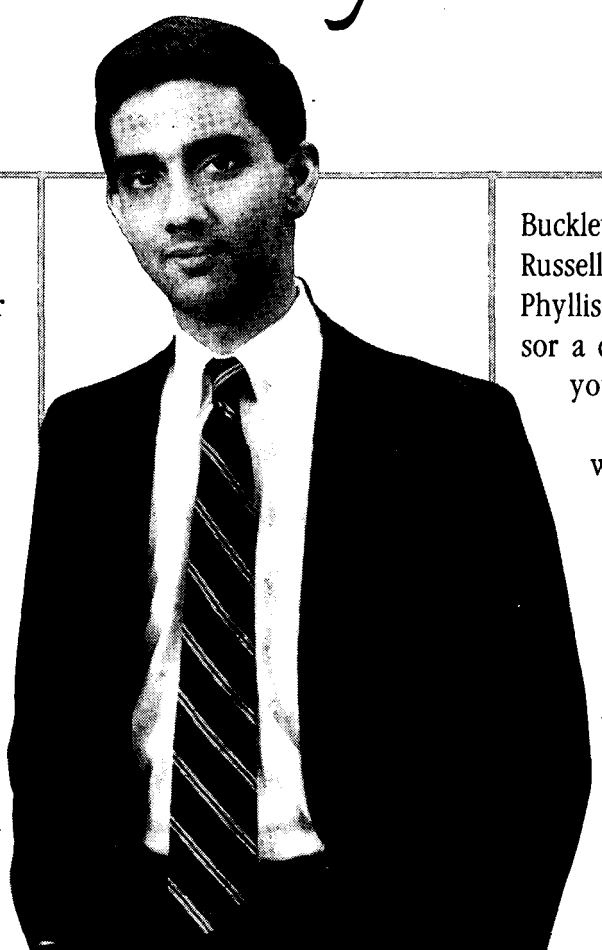
# "You're the first conservative I've seen in four years."



One evening last spring, bestselling author and lecturer Dinesh D'Souza delivered a speech at Kent State University. At the end of his talk several students thanked him for coming to their campus. One of the students, a senior, said sadly, "You know, I've been at Kent State for four years and you're the first conservative speaker I've ever seen."

Things aren't much different at other American campuses. Speakers programs, like the curriculum, are heavily weighted to the left. And for this reason many students are graduating from college with an incomplete education.

Don't let your school do this to you. Don't go through four years of college without hearing a conservative speaker. Young America's Foundation brought Dinesh D'Souza to Kent State. Last year we sponsored hundreds of conservative speakers on campuses all over the United States; speakers such as Norman Schwarzkopf, William F. Buckley, Robert Novak, Russell Kirk, Edwin Meese and Phyllis Schlafly. We can sponsor a conservative lecturer at your campus, too.

If you need our help we want to hear from you. Or if you would like to help Young America's Foundation to assist students at Kent State and at other schools, please contact us.

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increasing number of neurotic Americans could very well be suffering from what has been another critical issue on "Donahue," namely an allergy to those perfumed strips that heartless capitalists place in magazine advertisements.

• Another 200 whales slammed into the island of Tasmania. This is the third whale-beaching in Tasmania this year and still there is no outcry from the world community to remove what has obviously become a dangerous obstacle in a major whale thoroughfare. Mr. Larry Moor, the founder of the British Columbia Association of Reptile Owners who has frequently visited Vancouver schools to educate students on the benignity of the many serpents that he had befriended, will be seen no more. The 45-year-old advocate of reptile rights died after being bitten by an admired Egyptian cobra.

• In the world of sports, Afghanistan has had its first public execution since Islamic law became effective in April. In Kabul, three thousand fans turned out to see three miscreants hung by the neck. In New York City, Ladder Co. 9 won the Great Bed Race down Columbus Avenue. And in Austin, Texas, the Mississippi State football team trounced the University of Texas after watching a 525-pound bull be successfully castrated. The castration alarmed members of the Mississippi Animal Rescue League, but the Mississippi State coach, Mr. Jackie Sherrill, insisted he was only trying to educate his rather stupid athletes, and, of course, the two teams only meet once a year.

• Science has come to the support of a terminological suggestion first made in this column in March of 1987. Then we noted the inappropriateness of terming homosexuals "gay." After all, the term was originally applied to the moral laxity not of homosexuals but of heterosexuals who commit disgusting acts that no homosexual would dream of. The term was a slur. Moreover, as the great campaign for multiculturalism gets underway at the universities, and our students are enlightened as to the stupendous achievements of such historic homosexuals as George Washington, Xerxes I, Hammurabi, Alfred Nobel, Jawaharlal Nehru, Charles Dickens, Ludwig van Beethoven, and King Herod, "gay" detracts from the seriousness of this progressive effort. Finally there is no evidence that homosexuals are all that gay. In our March 1987 column we noted that homosexuals would be much better served by the term "squash," for "cephalic indices and empirical observation of homosexuals at public demonstrations and on Halloween night in San Francisco have established that many homosexuals develop heads shaped very much like squash." Critics objected, but now two UCLA School of Medicine researchers, Dr. Laura Allen and Dr. Roger Gorski, report in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* that the homosexual brain is shaped differently from that of the heterosexual, being a full 34 percent larger in the anterior commissure. And so to quote from our 1987 column, "Let us henceforth speak of our homosexuals as squashes. Let the universities hold their Squash Rights Week. And let us accord proper respect to the Squash Community."

*—RET*


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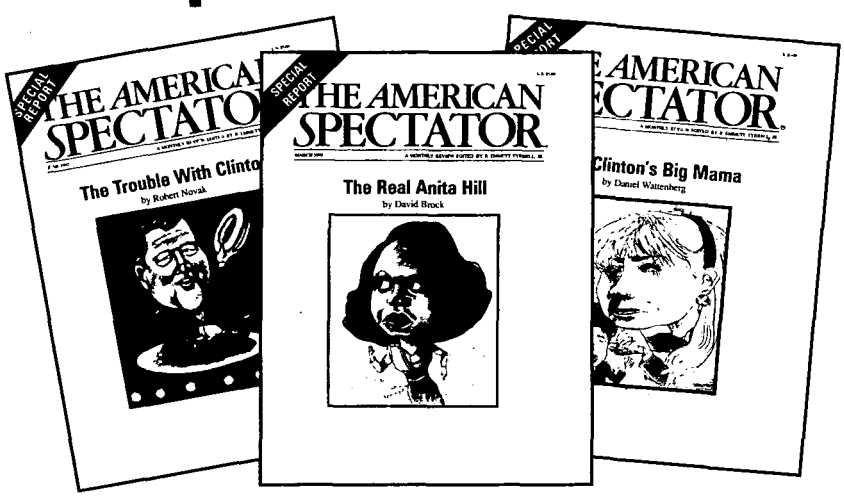


Copies of Michael Fumento's report on Magic Johnson and AIDS (February 1992), David Brock's investigation of Anita Hill (March 1992), Robert Novak's report on Bill Clinton (June 1992), Daniel Wattenberg's report on the *real* Hillary Clinton (August 1992), and Terry Eastland's article on Rush Limbaugh's Revolution are available to *American Spectator* readers. These reports are ideal for distribution to your friends, business colleagues, teachers, and political representatives. Send for your copies today.

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# She Didn't Let The Dean Intimidate Her.

Jennifer Imle is a junior at Southwestern University in Texas. Like many students she believes that important campus issues should be discussed. Issues like rigged admissions policies based on race.

But when she displayed a Young America's Foundation poster attacking such policies she ran into a firestorm. She was attacked as a racist by campus activists and she was ridiculed by professors in class.

Dean of Students, Roger Ballou, took one look at the poster and said, "This must go!" Then he circulated a memo saying the poster smacked of white supremacy. He said that Jennifer and other conservatives should publicly debate their decision to display the poster.

But Jennifer wanted the issues raised by the poster to be debated, not whether she had a right to display it. She called Young America's Foundation for help. The Foundation helped by sponsoring a debate at the school between Dinesh D'Souza, a bestselling author on affirmative action, and a local proponent of quotas. Over 350 students attended. The NEW YORK TIMES reported, "University administrators said it was one of the largest such gatherings in their memory."

Jennifer Imle fought back, won respect and contributed to the debate on vital issues on her campus. You can too.

We're helping students with speakers, advice and literature. Last year Young America's Foundation sponsored hundreds of lectures by conservatives on campuses all over the United States.

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**Rush Live**

Bravo, to Terry Eastland for an excellent article about Rush Limbaugh ("Rush Limbaugh: Talking Back," *TAS*, September 1992). Despite his critics, Limbaugh has brought talk radio from its struggling past into the twentieth century.

Talk radio and Limbaugh specifically are a threat to television and print media because they are both unedited and open to all. No management meetings to determine the slant or approach to the final presentation in talk radio. Real people with real concerns expressing ideas that politicians and bureaucrats would rather that the people of America not be exposed to. . . .

*—Patrick Murphy, President*
*National Association of*
*Radio Talk Show Hosts*
*WNIS Radio*
*Norfolk, Virginia*

Terry Eastland's puff piece on that pathetically insecure braggart Rush Limbaugh covered roughly the same awestruck terrain as did *Vanity Fair*'s recent feature on "conservatism's media superweapon." But Eastland actually dared to hint at something that the other piece completely avoided: Limbaugh is a liar!

Yes, in addition to being a "principled populist," a "rising star," and a "conservative warrior," Limbaugh is a dauntless demagogue, a relentless sophist, and a slick propagandist—in short, a liar. At the end of his piece, Eastland accepts Limbaugh's stated lack of interest in going into politics, but then writes: "Harder to accept is his contention that he does not seek political influence." He quotes Limbaugh as saying: "I have no cause, no political agenda."

That from a simple "radio guy" who relentlessly makes statements such as: "I think liberalism is heinous, I think liberalism is injurious, I think liberalism is dehumanizing, I think liberalism is just plain bad, just plain rotten . . . " And: "I'll have another Slick Willie update for you later . . ." And: "I've just put together the first issue of 'The Limbaugh Letter' . . . and in it I will react to the dumbest statements made each month by the dominant liberal culture . . . " And: "You can vote for Clinton if you wish . . . but his economic plan is going to devastate the country."

Limbaugh's "non-agenda" is threefold: (1) to discredit and verbally blast liberals and Democrats out of existence; (2) to dutifully serve as a high-profile media toady for megabuck conservatism, and, perhaps most importantly, (3) to promote himself endlessly —his book, his newsletter, his TV show, his line of "ditto head" merchandise, his "brilliance," etc.

He is, I believe, a human metaphor for the brand of conservatism recently displayed at the GOP convention (and eloquently skewered by George Will): insecure, hypocritical, self-absorbed, fascistic, and sociopathically willing to distort and deceive without compunction. Far from being "possibly our greatest living American," I believe he is a great American sham.

*—Tom Frangicetto*
*Langhorne, Pennsylvania*

**Right to Choose**

In his September column, Tom Bethell has exposed a dirty little secret about a powerful undercurrent in the so-called "pro-choice" movement, to wit: some of the enthusiasm and urgency of the movement is generated by racism/elitism. Abortion is seen by some as the only means of controlling the "population explosion." Unfortunately, many of those concerned by this "explosion" are even more afraid that voluntary population control is resulting in a disproportionate increase in "undesirables" (blacks, poor whites, etc.). Thus, the pro-abortionists have been frantic in seeking federal subsidization and promotion of abortion. If successful, this fanaticism will probably lead to a call for mandatory abortions. However, I disagree with Mr. Bethell's implication that this racism/elitism is a phenomenon of the right. ("There is, no doubt, considerable right-wing support for abortion today, but its basis is carefully left unstated—at least in print. A right-winger I know is particularly in favor of subsidized abortion. Here's an angle on racism that journalists don't want to dig into.") I suspect that many members of Planned Parenthood, which is not an agency of the right, are motivated by the same racist or elitist impulse.

*—Michael Minnis*
*Edmond, Oklahoma*

*Genuine* conservatives like myself are appalled at the views expressed by Michael K. Flaherty in "A White Lie" (*TAS*, August 1992). Healthy, educated, and responsible women should be encouraged to have babies. But what is wrong with counseling unhealthy, uneducated, and irresponsible women not to have babies? That is not racism; that is common sense. Conservatives want to *conserve* our standard of living and our way of life—not destroy it.

Flaherty exposes Margaret Sanger's views on "Eugenic Sterilization." That is about as useful as exposing Antonio Pablo Cuadra's youthful fling with fascism or Knut Hamsun's fling with Nazism in his senility. Who cares? Cuadra became the great anti-Communist editor of *La Prensa*; Hamsun was one of the century's great novelists. Character assassination is the tool of the Stalinists, not conservatives. Let's deal with the issues, not Sanger's foolish mistakes.

Flaherty's fears of Planned Parenthood are proving needless. Thirty years ago the Mexican government encouraged its forty million people to have more babies. Today, Mexico, with a population of over eighty million, is preaching birth control. But it is too late, as any U.S. Mexican border guard can tell you. The hungry masses are crawling through sewer pipes to get to the land of open space and honey, millions of them—does Flaherty want more?!

It will take a lot more resources than are available to Planned Parenthood to bring down the Third World populations to sustainable levels. It may, indeed, be too late. If by the year 2020 the world's population doubles to 10.6 billion, the anti-abortionists will have for all practical purposes won.

*—Leon Cyens*
*San Francisco, California*

**More Than the Pope?**

Stuart Reid's "The Fall of the House of Windsor" (*TAS*, May 1992) was interest-

*(continued on page 82)*



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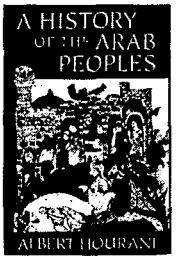


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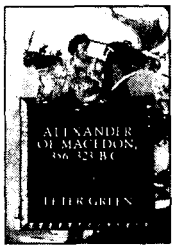


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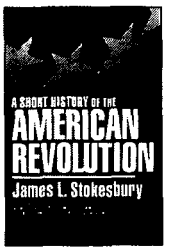


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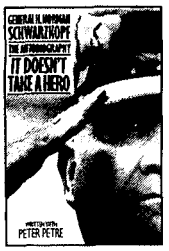


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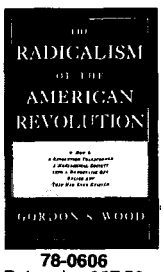


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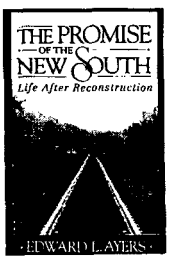


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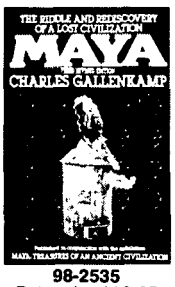


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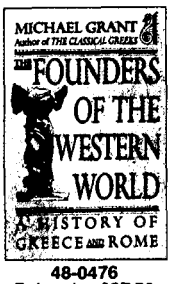


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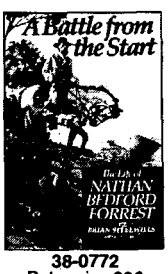


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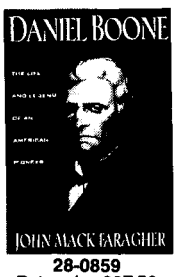


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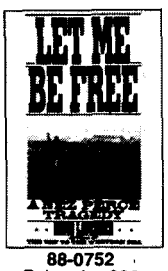


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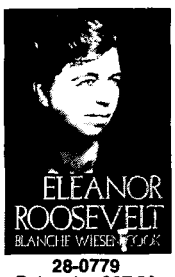


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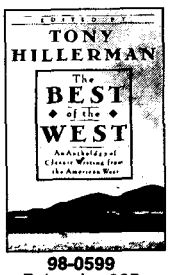


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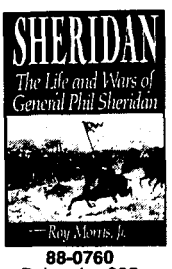


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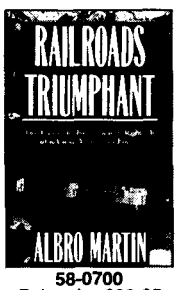


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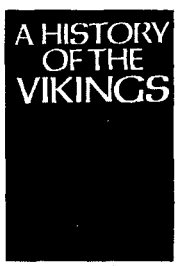


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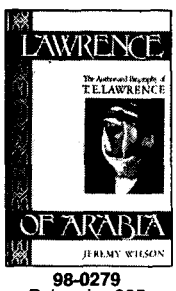


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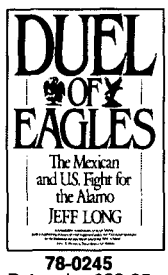


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# In Bosnia

*by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*

*Mostar, Bosnia-Herzegovina*

Perhaps it was not such a good idea for me to absent myself from America's current outbreak of political doubletalk and hot air. The political hot air in these parts contains shrapnel.

Roused by the plight of the refugees in erstwhile Yugoslavia, Ted Forstmann, the American entrepreneur, has flown his jet into Croatia's sparkling port of Split. And from that memorably named city we bump along the memorably beautiful Dalmatian coast, round hairpin turns. We take a left into the interior, up and down hills of gray stone, toward one of the less publicized of the area's many war zones. We had been promised a "motorcade with police escort." What we have is an ill-sprung black Volkswagen driven by an oddly lackadaisical Croatian corporal, lost in the rock music pounding from his tape deck and oblivious to the bruised condition of his passengers: Forstmann, the British historian Andrew Roberts, a Croatian-American diplomat, and me.

In many ways this battle-scarred and militarized area puts one in mind of Israel, despite our laid-back corporal. The day before, in Zagreb, we had visited a children's hospital where war's innocent victims stumbled around on twisted limbs. Then in the stillness of the Spansko refugee camp, we met Muslims, Serbs, and Croats, all crammed into flimsy barracks, unready for winter. Most were women and children—the men are either fighting, imprisoned, or dead. Such barracks are peaceful now, but again they put me in mind of the Middle East. Already they are the source of prostitution and begging. The restlessness in the eyes of the boys suggests that soon hooliganism will begin, and then the kind of political dissatisfaction and irredentism that gave birth to the PLO. This last eventuality could prove more horrible than the present butchery.

Six hundred thousand refugees now languish in Croatia. They cost Croatia $2 million daily, or 20 percent of its budget—and that budget also has to support 250,000 soldiers in a population of some 3.5 million. Croatia did not anticipate this growing refugee population, and as there is no foreseeable end to nearby wars there is no foreseeable end to the refugee problem.

Just two years ago all the peoples of Yugoslavia—the Slovenes, the Serbs, the Muslims, the Croats, and the rest—were anticipating the fresh breezes of liberty. Then came the ethnic wars. The mentalities of these ethnically and religiously diverse peoples are different from anything we Americans can appreciate. Under the Communist dictatorship all had lived in a relatively peaceful stew, small numbers of Serbs spicing up a Croatian neighborhood, minorities of liberals living among both groups. But, of a sudden, with the expiry of dictatorship, ancient and mysterious animosities flared, provoking the strong to fall upon the weak, to expropriate their homes, and frequently to kill them.

The consequence has been one of the cruelest pages of history in this century. As we drove to Mostar we stopped at the religious shrine Medjugorje, where in 1981 the Blessed Virgin allegedly appeared and urged prayers for peace. The prayers continue, but now there is war. A bespectacled nun and a cigarette-smoking priest are eager to take us to the "ethnically cleansed" Mostar to show us how the Serbs,

*(continued on page 18)*

*Adapted from RET's weekly* Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*



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with artillery and air strikes, have bombed out Croatian hospitals, churches, schools, libraries—"anything relating to our history," this Croatian nun declares.

She did not exaggerate the destruction. I had envisaged Mostar to be a village. It is a large city, now quite dead. Its entire infrastructure is gone. Half its 120,000 citizens are dead or in refugee camps. Every significant building and home in a city that once would have been worthy of the most prosperous regions of Italy has been badly damaged. A hundred or so fresh graves, with copper-colored dirt heaped a couple of feet above each, have taken over a once-elegant park. Blood remains on a sidewalk from a recent sniper assault on civilians. The city's gutted surgery hospital is now a haven for lunatics, cruelly used by the Serbs.

Beneath the occasional boom of artillery fire we are hustled into a deserted hospital, the center of which is sufficiently fortified to lay on lunch. There Forstmann assures the nun, the priest, and assembled officials that he will gather up supplies for the refugees' winter. And something more is necessary. If Sarajevo falls, the Serbs will reinvigorate their assaults on Croatia and other areas. Other warlords in the former Soviet empire will see the rewards open to those who practice "ethnic cleansing" such as I have just seen in Mostar. The West should threaten the Serb army with destruction from the air. And the arms embargo should be lifted so that those menaced by the well-equipped Serbs can defend themselves. ❐

# Dread October

How do the experts account for the fact that as Boy Clinton jogs ever more intensively he gets fatter? Well, how did they account for the abnormal distension of Pinocchio's nose? Justice prevails!

We are heading down the last stretch of this appalling presidential campaign. Boy Clinton's lead in the polls is ample. The easy grace that he doubtless refined during his Oxford years, when he studied with the select of all England and later at the Yale Law School, should again envelop and exalt him. This superior breeding he coyly disclosed during his historic acceptance speech at the Democratic convention midst revelations about his grisly youth: the alcoholic father, the mother who "held steady through tragedy after tragedy" and "tough times," "fighting off breast cancer" whilst grandfather held out against the Ku Klux Klan, his country store chock-full of terrorized blacks who had turned to him for shelter—apparently there was much melodrama in old Arkansas as the young lord laced up his first pair of shoes and scudded off to Oxford.

Yet despite his lead in the polls Boy Clinton displays no easy grace. In fact, he is beginning to sweat and to labor and to duck reporters, even as he fattens. In fact, his campaign is blowing gaskets. In fact, Boy Clinton is going to lose.

September should have been a very good month for the Clinton campaign. The Bush campaign was befogged. Its leadership was without direction or ideas. Boy Clinton should have been setting strategy for a glorious October. October is the crucial month in modern presidential campaigns. In the presidential campaign of 1980 an American electorate gravely dissatisfied with President Carter remained to be convinced by candidate Reagan. Reagan passed muster, and in October the Carter candidacy collapsed. Now it is the Clinton campaign that is collapsing even before October and even as the Bush campaign is coming alive.

There are several reasons that, despite his standing in the polls, Boy Clinton is rocking back on his heels. For one, he has no strategy. Ever since last winter's revelations of marital infidelity and of draft evasion, his staff has run a campaign good at tactical responses to changing front runners and to embarrassing revelations, but bereft of a strategic vision any more substantial than the candidate's unseemly whining that his wife is being slandered along with liberalism's progressive "values." In truth, the Republicans have only been disagreeing with progressive values and with the politics of Mrs. Clinton, but Boy Clinton is the kind of liberal who is so unaccustomed to differences of opinion that when he encounters disagreement he complains of unfairness.

Then, too, Clinton's policies and his proclivity for foxiness do not allow for a campaign strategy. He cannot outline a foreign policy superior to that of Bush because he has had no experience in foreign policy, and his amusing claim that his stewardship of the Arkansas National Guard is comparable to Bush's command of our armed forces merely reveals how his facile mind gets him into trouble. Nor can he stress his domestic policies. The economic and social condition of Arkansas is nothing to boast of. Neither is the Bush economy, but Clinton's proposals to improve the national economy if elaborated upon would be seen to consist of the kind of big government policies of the past that put money in the citizens' outstretched hands after taking it from their wallets and charging a federal carrying fee. Clinton does not want to remind the electorate of the late 1970s, when his policies were last in place.

Yet the deepest reason for Clinton's wobbliness as he approached October is that for months now he has been lying to the electorate. And it is his readiness to lie that has landed him on the defensive. He lies about little things, as he did last March when asked by NBC's Andrea Mitchell if his support for the Seawolf submarine program was a ploy for Connecticut primary votes—denying the charge by claiming to have proposed the program in a December 12 speech in Georgetown. He had not. He claimed to have fully supported the Gulf War. Again, he had not. He has perpetrated numerous other reckless acts of deceit, and, of course, there are the ongoing lies about larger matters, particularly about his amazing contortions to beat the draft.

Not long ago, the American people nearly impeached a President for lying. Revelations of Clinton's prevarications will mount in October. By late in the month, he will issue his equivalent of "I am not a crook," and by November he will be a goner. ❐



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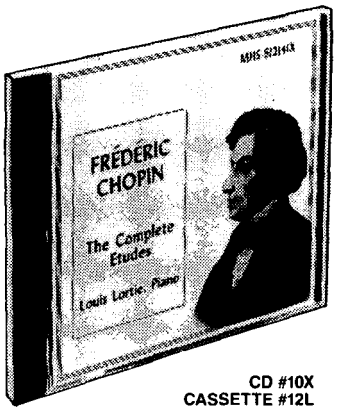


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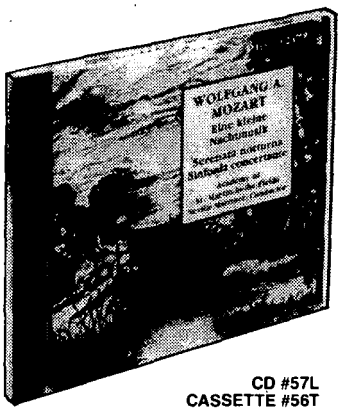


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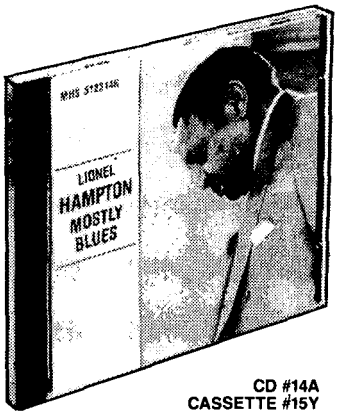


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# The End Is Nigh

*by Tom Bethell*

As I write, at the end of September, the conventional wisdom is that Bill Clinton will win the election. The feckless Ross Perot, who poses as an outsider but seeks to implement the establishment goal of "deficit reduction" (tax increases), may be getting back into the race, thereby introducing a element of uncertainty. Discounting Perot, however, the conventional wisdom seems sound. Various polls put Clinton ahead by about ten percentage points. Failing some dramatic new development, I expect to see Bill and Hillary Clinton on the reviewing stand in front of the White House, accepting salutes from the inaugural parade next January.

My purpose here is not to berate President Bush or to lament his dramatic decline but to anticipate the news media's response to a Clinton victory. We have already begun to see the media strategy: a Clinton win will be construed as a repudiation of the "failed policies of the Reagan-Bush years." A number of columnists have already begun to conflate the policies of Reagan and Bush. The latter was a continuation of the former, we will be told, and in the end they both failed. Bush's campaign strategy makes such revisionism all the easier. He has been trying to sound like a conservative—this being the autumn of a leap year—and now the press is happy to cooperate. They figure it's too late for him to recover anyway. If Bush campaigns as a conservative and loses, it will be that much easier to portray his defeat as a rejection of conservatism by the electorate.

Members of Bush's entourage will themselves contribute to such a post-election analysis. Budget Director Dick Darman told friends in New York the other day that "if we lose this thing," it will not be difficult to apportion the blame: first, to the "Reagan deficits"; second, to a rather inoffensive, mid-level White House aide named James Pinkerton. (Despite harboring conservative inclinations, Pinkerton has been permitted to survive as window-dressing on the White House staff. He achieved a moment of fame for promoting something very vague called the "new paradigm." Darman didn't like it, apparently.)

Well, thanks Dick, and goodbye.

I believe that Jude Wanniski of Polyconomics was right when he said a year ago that there has been no criticism either of Darman or of Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady in the news columns or editorials of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, or the TV networks over the past four years. Bill Clinton will be a most ungrateful President if he does not reward the perfidious "budget czar" with an ambassadorial plum. (He would be well advised, however, to keep him away from the levers of power.)

The reality is that throughout his administration Bush repudiated conservative ideas, especially in the economic realm, where he seems to have been guided by a half-remembered Keynesianism. What we are about to see, if Clinton wins, is a media analysis that will represent Bush's repudiation of conservatism as the electorate's repudiation of it. Bush would have done better to have taken the advice of his "moderate" inner circle and moved to the center, we will be told. We will be shown clips of Patrick Buchanan, Pat Robertson, Phyllis Schlafly, Bill Bennett, Jack Kemp, and Marilyn Quayle speaking at the GOP convention—and for those who still don't get it the lesson will be repeated. Bush clung to the discredited Reagan line when he should have moved away from it! Even though the electorate is fed up with right-wing hate-mongering, Bush allowed himself to remain the captive of the right. And so on.

Judging by recent history, President Bush ought to be able to pull this election out of the bag, even at this late stage. If Perot is in the race, Bush will be running against two candidates who have promised to raise our taxes. Bush himself has said that he will cut them—not very convincingly, of course, but at least he has not said that he will raise them. In almost all elections in recent years, including the British general election last spring, tax cutters have defeated tax-raisers.

*Tom Bethell is* The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*



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The trouble is that Bush carelessly discarded this ace long ago. Pollsters have found that when they outline the Bush and the Clinton economic programs to voters, without identifying their authors, the voters prefer the Bush plan—until they are told that it *is* the Bush plan.

How did Bush manage to get into such a fix against such a potentially weak candidate as the Governor of Arkansas? (Clinton must have thought, incidentally, that 1992 would be a mere tryout year for him.) In the first place, Bush is a perennial babe in the political woods. Take the case of Magic Johnson, the sexually promiscuous basketball player whom he so unwisely appointed to the National Commission on AIDS. Johnson's qualification was that, as a result of his philandering, he had become infected with the virus that supposedly causes AIDS. Someone told Bush that here was a meritorious figure who deserved to be appointed, and one cannot but wonder what went through the President's mind at that point.

It might have occurred to him that Johnson was a public figure whom he could not control, and who could therefore easily embarrass him. The true purpose of the AIDS commission, of course, is to promote destructive needle-exchange and yet more radical sex-education programs at the federal level, and to generate public pressure for increased AIDS funding at every opportunity. If Bush does not go along, the commission will use its media access to embarrass him. As always, however, Bush played the good sport and allowed his agenda to be set for him. He appointed his own tormentor to the commission. Now Johnson has quit, complaining that Bush "utterly ignored" the commission's recommendations. Johnson added insult to injury by saying that he would be voting for Clinton. The *New York Times* played it straight, construing Johnson's contemptible behavior as "the most recent in a series of blows" to the Bush Administration's claim to have "responded effectively to the AIDS epidemic." Bush did what he was told, and was rewarded with "blows" that rained down on his head.

The truth is that Magic Johnson was the political instrument of those who opposed Bush politically. One wonders if Bush even understands that AIDS itself is the most politicized disease in history. Johnson benefited from favorable publicity when he went on the commission; likewise when he left it. Try to imagine, twenty-eight years ago, a petulant member of the Warren Commission feeling so scornful of Lyndon Johnson's authority that he could feel free to resign in a huff over some trivial matter and endorse Barry Goldwater into the bargain. There's no way it could have happened.

This episode, the recent PBS series on American Presidents, and the recent antics of the House of Windsor point to one of the great changes that has occurred in the past generation, and it is the only piece of good news that I have to offer this month. Our leaders are being demystified before our eyes. In England at least, the emperor (or empress) may actually be walking along without any clothes at this moment. We are better off for the change. If the demystification proceeds much further, voters may at last begin to question why they have to contribute so much of their hard-earned money to support this vast, deadweight class of parasites on the public payroll.

A PBS program on John F. Kennedy showed the embarrassing performance of his press corps—laughing heartily on cue at everything he said. The servile press of Kennedy's day has of course been replaced by today's arrogant press. On balance I prefer the modern version. True, the news media today set up a great and concerted howling for more government; on the other hand they gleefully unmask the officials of that government as incompetents or thieves, liars or philanderers, or worse. This is not a stable recipe. The Communists also sought the centralization of power, and for decades achieved it. But at least they realized that the necessary herdlike passivity could only be preserved in the population at large by deifying the leadership. Centralization requires it. Not without reason were Lenin, Stalin, Mao, and suchlike thugs represented as secular gods.

Some members of the American press, our moral tutors, would like to see vast powers vested in Washington today (ensuring that we avoid greed, use condoms, shun homophobia, etc). Fortunately for us, their fantasy of life steered and guided by progressive opinion is undermined by the media's unrestricted license to embarrass and expose each and every pol who rises to power. Since Kennedy, occupants of the Oval Office have been accorded a declining respect. Ronald Reagan is the only one to emerge from the ordeal of strict scrutiny relatively unscathed, and it's instructive to note the reason. He was admired because people realized that he stood for something more than the mere aggrandizement of government power. There's no reason to suppose that a President Clinton will be spared highly critical press treatment, after a brief honeymoon. The *Washington Post* will be eager to let him know who's in charge, after all.

In short, journalistic license is undermining the prestige of the governing classes. Conservatives should relish this deconstruction, it seems to me. The goal of conservatism should not be an all-powerful America "leading" the world in some no-doubt-destructive direction. Global ambition goes hand in hand with big government, which is why we should look askance when Anthony Lewis and his friends accuse the U.S. of failing in its "global responsibilities." The goal should be a free America with constitutional government—staffed by obedient servants employed for no more than a few years at most. We are of course very far from that ideal. But the end of the Cold War at least permits us to hope that some radical and beneficial change might yet occur.

In the New World Order that Bush mentioned but misconstrued, we no longer need a big federal government. As recently as last year it could plausibly be argued that we did, for military reasons. But the Soviet Union is no more; paradoxically, this great change in the world has undermined the GOP. With a Brezhnev or an Andropov still in the Kremlin, Bill Clinton would have no chance of defeating Bush. Now that the ICBMs are no longer pointed at us, however, the U.S. electorate may feel as free to change the U.S. government as the British electorate did at the end of World War II. Thus may George Bush in 1992 be compared to Winston Churchill in 1945. There. I wanted to end up saying something nice about Bush, who is after all a nice man. ❐



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Up until now, even though it was rife with scandal, Congress could be assured of perpetual incumbency, with the Senate re-election rate at 85% and the House at 98%. But many members face certain defeat at the polls in November and many have decided not to run again. And the Presidential race will be just that–a real race.

It is important to note that most of the candidates are promising not less government, but "government that works."

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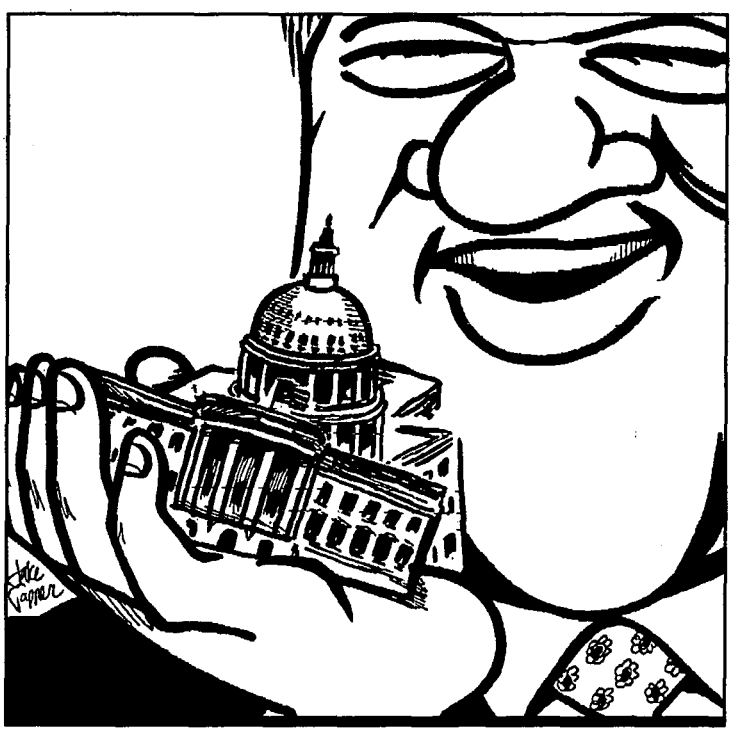
# The Coming Clinton Dynasty

*Conservatives who think the Clinton Administration will be a short interregnum are making a disastrous mistake. For since Watergate, Democrats have learned to deal behind the scenes to ensure their re-election—with or without popular support.*

by Grover Norquist



Certain well-intentioned Americans are saying that the nation, the Republican party, and the long-term prospects for a free society would be improved if Governor Bill Clinton were to defeat George Bush on November 3. The argument runs as follows: Bill Clinton will raise taxes, overregulate, inflate the currency, cripple the economy, and champion his party's left-wing cultural values; while the Republicans unite in opposition, rediscover their Reaganite souls, and elect a truly principled President in 1996. This new conservative—Reagan II—would sweep away the follies of the interregnum and finish the Reagan revolution. Nineteen ninety-two is to be a reprise of 1976. Bill Clinton is to play the role of Jimmy Carter. George Bush is to be thrown overboard, as was Gerald Ford, to lighten the load and prepare the party for true victory.

It would be tempting to view a Clinton administration as a rerun of the Carter years, when Republicans sacrificed the presidential veto and four years of judicial nominations in return for the chance to go into full, bold opposition. And with the Soviet threat removed, we have less to fear from a four-year period of left-wing weakness in the White House. But however seductive the idea of punishing George Bush for his apostasy, any vision of conservatism as the ultimate winner in a two-steps-forward, one-step-back Leninist march, is a flawed one.

History chastens us. The 1976 election of Democrat Carter was the only time since Grover Cleveland's 1892 victory that a party has regained the presidency for a four-year term and then lost it. Furthermore, a better analogy than 1976 is the 1974 Watergate-driven election of seventy-five freshman Democrats to the House of Representatives. Like Clinton, this liberal band of congressmen did not command the support of a working majority of American voters—and, like

*Grover Norquist is president of Americans for Tax Reform.*



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Clinton, they were smart enough to know it. Again like Clinton, they were certain enough of the righteousness of their cause that they were willing to change the rules to ensure their continuation in power.

The Watergate babies and their left-wing allies in the Democratic caucuses have firmly controlled the House for eighteen years. How has that been possible in the face of the Carter failures, Abscam, the twin Reagan landslides, a Bush victory, Jim Wright's corruption, check bouncing, and polling data that continue to rate Congress below all other public institutions? Simple. They changed the rules. They stacked the deck. They cheated. And so will a Clinton administration.

The Watergate babies went to work fast to dig a moat around their incumbency and pull up the drawbridge. First, they surrounded themselves with political bodyguards—staffers, researchers, and, legal or not, campaign aides. The number of staffers in the House jumped from 5,280 in 1972 to 6,939 in 1976 to 7,920 in 1986. (Growth subsequently leveled off only under Gramm-Rudman, and we won't see the likes of that again.) They also showered themselves with larger budgets. The Legislative Branch Appropriation, Congress's funding legislation, jumped 18.6 percent in 1975 and 20.6 percent in 1976—an astounding 44 percent increase before the Class of '74's first bid for re-election.

Democratic members of Congress in formerly Republican districts found that voters learned to appreciate and understand them better when the amount of franked (taxpayer-funded) mail for Congress increased from 321 million pieces in 1974 to 401 million in 1976, 430 million in 1978, and—when the heavy artillery was brought out against the Reagan insurgency—511 million in 1980.

Rules were changed in other ways. Almost every Democrat in the House received his own subcommittee chairmanship, the better to extort campaign contributions from industries under his jurisdiction. Other powers were seized from the executive—including recision and impoundment. And by micro-managing contracts and grant-making, congressmen took for themselves unprecedented billions in campaign funds and vote-producing pork barrel projects. Small wonder that by the end of the 1980s it was easier to lose an election in Mexico or be voted off the Politburo than to lose a re-election bid to the U.S. House of Representatives.

Unfocused voter rage has finally toppled record numbers of sitting congressmen through retirement or defeats in primaries. The term-limits movement will be on the ballot in fifteen states in the wake of recent successes in Oklahoma, Colorado, and California. Even so, the countdown to the cleanup of the Augean stables in those fifteen states won't begin until November 3, 1992, with a fuse that is six, sometimes eight years long. Besides, two-thirds of the nation—those states without ballot initiatives—will continue indefinitely without term limits.

Thus, an unrepresentative group of congressmen may well continue in office for an additional ten years, regardless of voter discontent and promises to "throw the bums out." If Clinton and Gore learn from their House brethren and mimic their rites of self-protection, they won't need to order any change-of-address kits for 1997.

We have seen how tenaciously congressmen cling to power; how time-consuming it is to pick off the Jim Wrights and Tony Coelhos one by one; how long in coming is the tidal wave of term limits. But why should we fear that President Clinton could cement his hold on the presidency? You cannot gerrymander a nation, after all. And if a President can isolate himself from the voters, why didn't Jimmy Carter protect himself?

Well, Bill Clinton knows two things that Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, and Michael Dukakis never grasped: First, that the Democratic coalition is self-contradictory, shrinking, and moribund, unless it receives massive infusions of taxpayer dollars. He does not believe, as Mondale did, that the union boss/black leadership/liberal intellectual/white ethnic coalition still exists in a form or size to win majorities at the federal level.

*They changed the rules. They stacked the deck. They cheated. And so will a Clinton administration.*

Second, Clinton knows that the American electorate is uncomfortable with who and what he is. Dukakis actually thought that vetoing legislation requiring children to say the Pledge of Allegiance every morning would elicit support—it always did in Cambridge and Newton. Bill Clinton, while sharing Dukakis's cramped view of the world and America's place in it, knows perfectly well America rejects that world-view.

Beginning on January 21, 1993, Bill Clinton will have forty-five months to change the rules before facing the voters again. Jimmy Carter's ghost will stand before him as he uses his powers to create, empower, and drag to the polls a new coalition; and to disenfranchise, discourage, and even imprison his opponents.

Even if a President cannot gerrymander his district, he can expand it. Clinton has promised to grant statehood to the District of Columbia and, in the process, give himself two liberal Democrat senators, most likely Jesse Jackson and Marion Barry. If the going gets tough in getting cloture or winning confirmation of Hillary's friends to the Supreme Court, he might wish to add two senators from Puerto Rico. And why not two more from the Virgin Islands?

The entire judiciary can be expanded overnight in the name of fighting the war on drugs or cleaning up all that white-collar crime from the "decade of greed." Within months, twelve years' worth of Reagan and Bush appointees would find themselves surrounded by former grantees of Hillary Clinton's New World Foundation. And



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for all Clinton's rhetorical nods to moderation, he has publicly promised the Court to the left.

Changes in labor law would return clout to the AFL-CIO and hundreds of millions of dollars to Democrat campaign coffers. It is estimated that in the 1988 election cycle alone, labor unions gave Democrats some $388 million dollars in "soft money"—roughly what the entire Republican party has raised and spent in the last four years. A Clinton presidency would rescue organized labor from certain crack-up. In 1988, the Supreme Court ruled in *Beck* v. *Communications Workers of America* [CWA] that labor unions can take in compulsory dues only that amount of money used for the negotiation and maintenance of the individual members' contracts. In the CWA case, only 21 percent of dues were legitimately spent. Nationwide, dues average $500 per member per year for the 17 million union members. Total dues come to $8.5 billion. Of that, fully 79 percent of the money could be demanded back by union members under *Beck*. If the Bush Administration continued for a second term, its efforts to enforce *Beck* would cost labor unions $5.8 billion if every member exercised his rights. Assuming only 10 percent of union members demanded their money back—it would cost organized labor $580 million dollars each year.

But because the Supreme Court's ruling in *Beck* was based on the Wagner Act as written, it can be voided by simple congressional action and the President's signature. The certain hemorrhaging of monies away from organized labor would be stanched in a little noticed and less understood law passed in the first month of a Clinton administration. Labor law would move toward forcing more and more workers into dues-paying relationships with union bosses, who would most obligingly kick back a goodly portion of those dues to the re-election efforts of Mr. Clinton and his congressional cohorts. A few hundred million dollars in additional union soft money would overcome a great deal of citizen opposition. Remember, each presidential candidate can officially spend only $88 million. "Soft money" expenditures for voter registration, get-out-the-vote efforts, and voter "education" have no limit and few effective public reporting requirements.

By changing labor laws to force more workers into compulsory unionism and to allow all union dues to be legally channeled into politics, Bill Clinton can organize a 1996 war chest that could outspend the Republican campaign by a factor or ten—or more.

Other changes could transform government workers into a pro-administration party. With Clinton's support, Congress could quickly repeal the Hatch Act, which limits the political activities of federal employees. Democrats have fought yearly to "reform" this legislation, initially passed—and still needed—to protect government workers from demands for political campaign contributions and other forms of support from their superiors. How would you like it if your local IRS agent came to visit you (after work, of course) to solicit a small contribution for the Clinton re-election campaign? Meanwhile, the factory down the road might be asked to contribute to the Clinton campaign by an off-duty EPA agent who, during office hours, can decide whether the firm faces thousands of dollars in fines.

Of course, the infrastructure must be rebuilt, and how better to accomplish this than to share tens of billions of dollars with the corrupt big-city machines that conveniently also serve the Democrats' get-out-the-vote effort in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and Detroit.

And did conservatives hope that alumni might begin to discipline the sillier excesses of "political correctness" on campuses? Well, well. Federal funds can quickly more than replace any market discipline.

And while conservatives have built impressive think tanks like the Heritage Foundation and the Cato Institute, with respective budgets of $19 million and $4 million a year, a Clinton White House could create dozens of think tanks to serve its ends merely by doubling the size of the Legal Services Corporation and removing the feeble rules against the LSC's direct participation in politics. Imagine five, ten, fifteen foundations engaged by the left and funded by the taxpayers. And more, if needed.

A Clinton White House would enact legislation, long advocated in the Congress, to allow people—not necessarily citizens—to register to vote while renewing driver's licenses. But why stop there? Why not allow registration at welfare offices and at prison induction centers? Indeed, why not demand that welfare recipients become responsible citizens—starting with the demand that they "work" for their handout by registering and voting. This is already approximated in some cities. In 1988 I spoke before a group of Washington, D.C., students who were in a special summer program hosted by the city's past and future mayor, Marion Barry. All were paid to attend these "leadership" seminars. Before my talk, every student was informed that his paycheck was being withheld, pending a report from his precinct captain that he had indeed registered to vote. Your tax dollars at work. Clinton can take this nationwide.

But the wondrous and varied powers of the federal government that flow to a President and Congress working in concert are not limited to building their political coalition; funding their activists; creating new, powerful, and permanent institutions; and logging in new voters. The powers of the State can be brought to bear on one's enemies.

It is not just cranky libertarians who see the IRS, the Federal Elections Commission (FEC), and other regulatory agencies as capable of having a serious dampening effect on political discourse. Even during the Reagan and Bush presidencies, conservative groups found themselves disproportionately singled out for "routine" investigations. Those who irritated the permanent government publicly—like Pat Robertson and Ollie North—received a great deal of attention: virtually every organization that worked with or promoted North or Robertson found itself harassed by the IRS. (To those who feel such concerns overstate the case, I will simply point out that even groups exonerated by such



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"investigations" will not speak on the record for fear of inviting retribution.) Many effective conservative groups throughout the nation are small enough that a simple unthreatening request to "look things over" by the FEC or IRS would serve the purpose of intimidation. And we must not forget the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) and Federal Trade Commission (FTC), which during the Reagan years pulled in their regulatory claws and gave individuals and companies some breathing room. Countless laws remain on the books, and Bill Clinton's appointees would be free to reawaken the Orwellian potential of each of these alphabet-soup agencies.

And the Justice Department itself would be filled with junior league Lawrence Walshes, each eager to put a Reaganite's scalp on the wall—or at least bankrupt his family with plausible, if false, charges. Look for five, ten, dozens of spectacles such as the persecution of Ollie North and now Caspar Weinberger.

Do you recall how Speaker of the House Tom Foley worked over those individuals and companies that contributed to the term-limits initiative in Washington state? Imagine similar threatening phone calls to potential donors to conservative or anti-statist causes coming from the White House. How brave can we expect the relatively small band of corporate and individual supporters of established conservative organizations to be—never mind the backers of the small or more aggressive groups that spearhead change?

Bill Clinton watched Jimmy Carter put forward the liberal agenda and get swept from the White House in 1980. He will not allow that to happen to him. He will use the power and finances of the state to build an impregnable fortress, following the model of the congressional barons of 1974. And he will cheerfully use the government to kneecap his critics and rivals.

Those who have watched a minority ideological cabal control the House of Representatives for nearly two decades should abandon their pipe dream of a brief Clinton interregnum. ❐


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Edward Conlon

# Mob Stories

*Our crime correspondent gives an aficionado's tour of the American mafia.*

When Meyer Lansky made his memorable claim some thirty years ago that organized crime was "bigger than U.S. Steel," he foresaw neither the RICO statute nor the Rust Belt. A more impressive contemporary boast might rank it above cosmetic surgery, Nintendo, or New Kids on the Block. The signs of decay are visible as much in the recent convictions as in the flood of memoirs and authorized biographies. *Omertà*, the mob's code of honor, may still hold in regard to police, but there is an apparent exemption for editors. Surely, this was not the founders' intent. *Quitting the Mob*, *Mob Girl*, and *Double Cross* are only the latest additions to a list that includes *The Valachi Papers*, *My Life in the Mafia*, *Wiseguy*, *Mafia Princess*, and Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianni's pre- and post-rat résumés *The Last Mafiosi* and *Vengeance Is Mine*. With *Honor Thy Father*, *A Man of Honor*, and *Mafia Marriage*, the Bonannos alone are as prolific as the Cheevers.

The past decade saw a government assault on organized crime unprecedented in scale and success, with over a thousand convictions of mobsters between 1981 and 1987. The bosses of sixteen out of the twenty-five families in the U.S. were convicted. After the "Commission" case of 1985, the heads of four of the five New York families were sentenced to centuries in prison. The fifth was murdered just before the trial. One-third of all American heroin imports come through Sicily; a joint operation with Italian *carabinieri* brought convictions for 435 mafiosi in the Sicilian "Maxi" trial and another thirty-five in New York in the "Pizza Connection" case. In 1986, *Fortune* published a list of the fifty most powerful mobsters in the country. Whether deposed by prison, age, or death—natural and otherwise—fewer than a third of these men remain active today.

There is general agreement that La Cosa Nostra, which enjoyed a full fifty years of institutional growth in wealth and power, has at the very least ceased to expand. And that is primarily the result of the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act of 1970 (RICO), which was only applied in its full ingenuity more than ten years after passage. Originally intended to address criminal penetration of unions and legitimate businesses, RICO has been reinterpreted as a supremely broad and flexible conspiracy statute that effectively criminalizes the organization itself. In the old days, for example, if Joey Onions stole cars and Little Vinnie got kickbacks from the docks and both worked under Vito No Nose, Joey and Vinnie risked separate larceny prosecutions in state courts. Mob political leverage has always been greatest at the local level, and the most severe penalties available could do little more than interrupt a career in

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crime. Today, Joey, Vinnie, and Vito himself would face a multiple-count conspiracy indictment in federal court, with long sentences and property forfeitures. And a subsequent civil RICO suit could throw Vinnie's dockworker friends out of work while a court-appointed trustee supervised union elections.

Other assistance came from new surveillance technology, which improved the recording quality of ever-more-miniature cameras and microphones. Competition between law enforcement agencies was reduced by the creation of Task Forces comprising local and state police, the FBI, and representatives from the IRS, DEA, Customs, and Treasury. The decade also brought a lemming-run of informants, from dozens of associates to the sixteen "made" members—capos and underbosses among them—currently supported by the Witness Security Program. (Before 1982, only two made members had ever betrayed their oath of allegiance.) A sociological observation, often a complement to the "changing values" chestnut about informants, notes the assimilation of Italian-Americans and the disappearance of the Little Italies that bred the majority of these gangsters. Another demographic argument cites the rise of other ethnic organized criminals, chiefly Russian Jewish, Cuban, Colombian, Jamaican, Haitian, Chinese, and Vietnamese groups.

*Jimmy "The Gent" Burke, hit man and hijacker, loved crime the way others love baseball. He named his first son after Jesse James, and even taught his children to root for the bad guys in the movies.*

Whether known as La Cosa Nostra, the Mob, the Syndicate, the Outfit, or the Mafia, if this thing of theirs were truly out of business it would be the end of a criminal conspiracy without historical peer. The government calls it La Cosa Nostra, on the 1963 assertion of Joseph Valachi, who also provided the names of the then-current bosses by which the five New York families are now known. In fact, *cosa nostra,* or "our thing," is only one of many supple and sometimes ephemeral methods of allusion, as good as any and better than some, like *amici nostri,* which may have led to confusion with the Quakers. Mario Cuomo may deny its existence (for reasons perhaps best known to himself), but the 1986 President's Commission on Organized Crime estimated annual criminal income, drugs included, at $100 billion, at least half of which was collected by La Cosa Nostra. With its twenty-five families under a permanent eight-member Commission, La Cosa Nostra takes in more than the tax revenues of Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York City combined.

The money comes from labor racketeering, conventional crime, and legitimate businesses. Legitimate businesses are the least lucrative, although they do provide both fronts for money-laundering and official incomes for the IRS. However pornography is categorized, it earns $10 billion a year, and the industry is almost exclusively mob-run. Conventional crime includes loansharking at up to five percent weekly interest, extortion, prostitution, hijacking and theft, bootlegging highly taxed merchandise such as gasoline and cigarettes, and especially gambling. Union corruption has been the primary focus of federal investigations, and by the end of the 1980s, four internationals—the Teamsters, Longshoremen, Laborers, and Hotel and Restaurant Employees unions—and almost thirty locals had been identified as mob-dominated. Once the mob controls the leadership of a union, ordinarily through violence and intimidation, it can extort management for labor peace, or sweetheart deals, or permission to use non-union labor. It also profits from benefit plans, charging kickbacks from service providers like doctors and dentists, and can manipulate or simply loot pension funds. The national net worth of all union pension funds is valued at over a trillion dollars. This money, as well as union votes, can be the source of considerable political influence.

The Commission originally consisted of the Buffalo and Chicago families along with the five from New York, now known as the Bonanno, Colombo, Gambino, Genovese, and Lucchese families. Philadelphia and Detroit later joined the ruling body and the Bonannos were dropped in the mid-sixties, when Joseph Bonanno relocated to Arizona. The FBI lists other families based in Providence, New Jersey, Rochester, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Cleveland, St. Louis, Tampa, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Jose, and Tucson, which is still run by the nearly 90-year-old Joseph Bonanno. The cartography is complicated by the "open" cities of Las Vegas and Atlantic City, and by Florida and New Jersey, which have native crime families but also support major operations from out of state. The satellite fiefdoms follow a similar rule of geographical sense, except where they do not: Boston is controlled by Providence and Dallas by New Orleans but Palm Springs belongs to Chicago, Springfield (Massachusetts) to the Genoveses, and—most peculiarly—Montreal to Tucson.

Ethnic organized crime dates from the late nineteenth century, with the appearance of crude and parochial Irish gangs like the Plug Uglies and Dead Rabbits, Chinese tongs, and the Neapolitan Black Hand. These gangs were as primitive compared to the contemporary Cosa Nostra as the Pony Express is compared to Federal Express. Prohibition brought an explosion of gangsters, many Irish, such as Dion O'Bannion, Owney Madden, and Legs Diamond; and Jewish, including Meyer Lansky, Arnold Rothstein (model for *The Great Gatsby*'s Meyer Wolfsheim), and much of Murder Incorporated. The abundant riches inspired murderous competition, and inter- and intra-ethnic warfare continued through Repeal. By that time, the Irish in New York had largely died or retired, and in



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Chicago they were finished by the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Most of the surviving Jewish gangsters confined themselves to the gambling rackets, often in partnership with Italians. The Italian ranks were thinned by the Castellamarese War of 1930-31, fought between the Neapolitan Joe Masseria and the Sicilian Salvatore Maranzano. It was concluded with the formation of the Commission, however, and therein La Cosa Nostra found its modern and abiding form.

The Commission comprised Al Capone in Chicago, Stefano Maggadino in Buffalo, and Lucky Luciano, Vincent Mangano, Gaetano Gagliano, Joe Profaci, and Salvatore Maranzano in New York. Maranzano was the "Boss of all Bosses," the sole occupant of the position by title as well as in fact, and Luciano ordered his murder a few months after his inauguration. Joe Bonanno, who replaced Maranzano, made repeated, Harold Stassen–like bids at national domination, but Commission members were thereafter all equals, at least technically. Journalistic picks of the mobster at the top are either estimates of practical power or pure invention. When Frank Costello took over for Luciano after his 1936 conviction for "white slavery," the New York leadership remained unchanged through the 1950s and La Cosa Nostra prospered accordingly.

*The cartography is complicated by the "open" cities of Las Vegas and Atlantic City, and by Florida and New Jersey, which have native crime families but also support major operations from out of state.*

The fifties brought the first of the crises of succession that have damaged La Cosa Nostra as much as the police. When war breaks out, financial matters must be put aside until order has been restored. And there is a destructive causal sequence begun by the bloodshed, which captures public attention and in turn renews prosecutorial pressure on a now-divided mob. When Estes Kefauver subpoenaed Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello, and others for Senate hearings, gangsters captured the tabloid imagination with a force without parallel since the heyday of Al Capone. In 1957, over sixty of the most powerful mafiosi in the country were arrested in rural Apalachin, New York, in spite of their near-unanimous protest that they had assembled to visit a sick friend. The convention had been called to formulate a drug policy, "close the books" on new membership, and halt a wave of mobster assassinations. Though successful in these aims, Apalachin also prompted J. Edgar Hoover to change his position that organized crime was primarily a local problem.

Of the five families, the Luccheses observed changes of regime without violence for sixty years, as power was transferred from Gagliano to Lucchese to Carmine Tramunti, and then to Tony "Ducks" Corallo. It is only within the last year that there has been turmoil, when a brutal comedy of errors was set in motion by botched hits, key defections, and infallibly bad judgment. Boss Victor Amuso fled after indictment in the "Windows" case, where it was charged that racketeers controlled the installation and repair of 75 percent of the million-odd windows in New York City housing projects. Alphonse D'Arco, acting boss, believed that capo Peter Chiodo was an informant and ordered his execution. Chiodo, who was not an informant, decided to become one after catching twelve bullets in his 435-pound body. Only three of the eight defendants in the Windows case were convicted, chiefly on the strength of Chiodo's testimony. D'Arco, fearful of reprisal for his incompetence, joined Chiodo on the government side and Amuso has been recently apprehended.

Joe Profaci fought rebellion by the Gallo brothers up to his death in 1962, and the war resumed in the later days of his successor, Joe Colombo. Colombo departed from the becomingly low profile of his predecessor to found the Italian American Civil Rights League, which incarnated the stereotype it sought to abolish. The League embarrassed Italians on both sides of the law and, after some initial success, sponsored a rally in Central Park whose sparse attendees included armed emissaries from Gallo. Colombo never recovered from his wounds, and Gallo himself was killed the following year. Tom DiBella replaced him, followed by Carmine "The Snake" Persico, who has spent most of his tenure as boss in prison and even now is at war with his onetime followers in Brooklyn. Last year, Persico indicated that he wished acting boss Victor Orena to step down upon his son Alphonse's imminent parole. Orena declined, and so far seven have been killed and many more wounded, including five innocent bystanders.

The Bonannos, the rogues of the New York families, have been banished from the Commission twice: once when Joe Bonanno tried to overthrow it before heading west, and subsequently for their profligate trafficking in heroin. A series of weak or short-lived bosses held sway until the early 1970s, when Carmine Galante was paroled and announced his return by dynamiting the doors off Frank Costello's tomb. Galante was killed in 1979, and the family returned to less firm hands. The Bonannos were further embarrassed when "Donnie Brasco," a likable thief who was about to be formally inducted into the family, vanished and resurfaced as Special Agent Joseph Pistone of the FBI.

When Lucky Luciano was deported in 1945 by a nation grateful for his wartime service—through his offices, labor peace was preserved on the waterfront, gangsters reported on Axis sympathizers, and Sicilians assisted in the preparation of military maps—Frank Costello took full control of what would become the Genovese family. Costello, "The Prime Minister," was affa-



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ble and genteel, rejected the drug trade, and wielded extraordinary political influence; as such, he was perhaps the nearest real-life approximation of the cinematic Don Corleone. Vito Genovese, his onetime rival, had fled to Italy in the thirties to escape a murder charge. Genovese returned when Luciano left, poisoned the remaining witness in the murder case, and waited until he was powerful enough to attempt a coup against Costello. In 1957, Frank Costello survived an attempt on his life but wisely chose to retire. Genovese was imprisoned for life on a narcotics charge two years later, but he continued to rule from his federal cell until his death in 1969.

Since then, Tommy "Ryan" Eboli, Funzi Tieri, Fat Tony Salerno, and finally Vincent "The Chin" Gigante have all been identified as bosses of the Genovese family. In their pensive moments, certain mafiosi are wont to muse aloud on Roman history, cribbed from abridged prison editions, and find ponderous parallels to their own careers. But the Genoveses have taken a lesson or two to heart: Vincent Gigante's reading of young Claudius—the would-be idiot who would be emperor—has won unanimous acclaim from judges in a series of competency hearings. Gigante, who is credited with the 1957 hit on Costello, is easily the most compelling figure in the modern Cosa Nostra. His brother, Louis Gigante, is a priest and former City Council member who built and now runs a large public housing project in the Bronx. Fond of wandering the streets of Greenwich Village in a bathrobe, the Chin responds to police visits by urinating on his leg and racing, fully clothed and weeping, into the shower. Declared unfit to stand trial, he now has effective immunity from prosecution for life, and the Genoveses, the second largest family in New York, are also the most stable and intact.

The Gambinos are the largest, wealthiest, and most powerful family in the country. The founding Mangano brothers were killed by Albert Anastasia, who was in turn killed and replaced by Carlo Gambino. Though Gambino died of old age, his brother-


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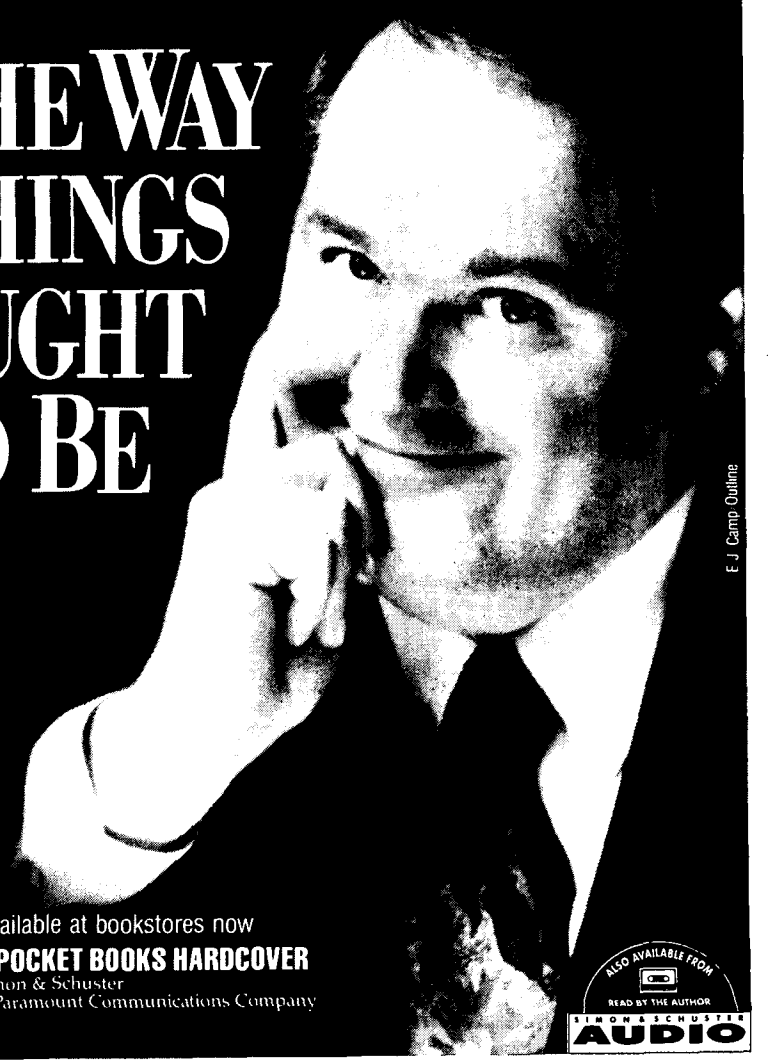

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in-law and successor, Paul Castellano, did not, and John Gotti assumed the mantle through the traditional means of ascent. The dignified and remote Castellano made his annual millions in everything from pornography to Perdue chickens, and mob pundits claim that it was his excessive greed that brought his downfall. More persuasive is the argument that his discovery of drug dealing among John Gotti's closest associates, including his brother, inspired a pre-emptive strike by his telegenic heir.

Gotti is both sociable and volatile, mixing freely with underlings but prone to homicidal frenzy at petty slights. Beloved by the press for his designer clothes, quotable comic asides, and trio of acquittals, he bears a greater resemblance to fellow eighties loudmouths Trump and Steinbrenner than to any of his criminal ancestors. His fans are untroubled by the facts that the clothes were stolen, the Gotti wit best typified in a hissed "Faggot!" at the prosecutor, and the erstwhile legal lucky streak a matter of weak evidence and jury tampering as much as the vigorous defense by Bruce Cutler, who has the courtroom demeanor of a professional wrestler. U.S. Attorney Andrew Maloney won Gotti's conviction on FBI recordings and the testimony of his chief lieutenant, Sammy "The Bull" Gravano. The videotapes indicate little beyond Gravano's apparently ceaseless genital itch, but on audio, Gotti prattles on as happily about corruption and murder as if he were giving a seminar. Gravano is a veteran of nineteen homicides—including that of his own brother-in-law, whose severed hand was all that remained for burial—but his testimony was detailed and coolly effective.

Though less carnival in atmosphere than the first trial, where defense and prosecution spat obscenities at each other from across the courtroom, Gotti's trial last spring offered spectacle aplenty. Gay Talese and Carl Bernstein led an international gaggle of media, and actors Mickey Rourke, Anthony Quinn, and Al "Grandpa Munster" Lewis all lent an apt aura of last-gasp celebrity to the proceedings. A full row of sketch artists sat with opera glasses, watchful of each piously furrowed brow, or Top-o'-the-World,-Ma sneer. Gotti fidgeted, scowled, yawned, and joked, like a class clown, and the judge's rebukes were as tired and testy as any substitute teacher's. The attorneys varied in style from the seminarian severity of lead prosecutor John Gleason to that of U.S. Attorney Maloney, typically monikered "pugnacious" in the dailies, although he alone euphemized "effin'" when quoting from the profanity-riddled FBI transcripts. The others spoke frankly, prefacing each expletive with the speciously endearing, "Ladies and gentlemen, the language I am about to use may shock you . . ." On the defense side, Anthony Cardinale's plain-spoken indignation and periodic podium-thumps resulted in a contempt citation, and Albert Krieger declaimed to no avail with a hydrocephalic rhetoric more suited to a farewell to the Fighting 69th or the demise of the Hindenburg.

Gotti was sentenced to life plus five years. Virtually all of his close associates are dead, in prison, or government informants, and it is uncertain how the family will survive this latest round of prosecutions.

Admonitions against a "romantic" idea of La Cosa Nostra are, of course, well taken but also wholly lost on the sizable contingent of felonophiles. The serial killer who couldn't get a date in a bloody lifetime is often deluged with marriage proposals when he is safely in his cell. Instances of gangster noblesse may not rival the parable of the widow's mite but are nonetheless widely known and well remembered. Gotti threw an annual Fourth of July party for his neighborhood in Howard Beach, and Joe "Piney" Armone is famed for his youthful, Robin Hood–like shakedowns of sidewalk vendors to provide Christmas trees for poor families. Traditional philanthropy is augmented by a kind of criminal charity, such as a beating dispensed at the request of a father whose daughter's virtue is besieged by freelance hoods. Other gangsters seem unworthy of censure simply because the vocabulary of moral reproach is inadequate to the task; their natures and acts are beyond redress by our kindergarten indignation. Jimmy "The Gent" Burke, hit man and hijacker, loved crime the way others love baseball. He named his first son after Jesse James, and even taught his children to root for the bad guys in the movies. A Brooklyn bystander who called the police on bank robber Willie Sutton won a few seconds of celebrity on local TV news; Albert Anastasia, who was piqued by the broadcast, first ordered his execution and then had the killer killed to dissociate himself from the first murder. One mob victim was identified only by the dental matter found in his stomach; he was beaten so severely that each one of his teeth was knocked down his throat.

With its themes of ambition, authority, and tradition, and its richly complex and conventional form, *The Godfather* accommodated a vehement public reaction to the prevalent culture of dropouts, free spirits, and partisans of social experiment. While the dull days of bad men hardly compare to Hollywood melodrama, these men are nonetheless powerfully compelling figures. They are oblivious students of Machiavelli and Castiglione, as well as quite conscious ones of George Raft and Al Pacino. Their style combines neon vulgarity with a bull's-eye sublime: a death sentence may be decreed in a howling, head-banging tantrum or by a discreet nod of the head. Some drive stretch Cadillacs but live in two-and-a half room tenements, dress like Prince Rainier and have the table manners of rabid wolverines; others calculate percentages like CPAs but speak in obscene monosyllables and primate grunts. A man who faces prison, torture, and death as the routine risks of business may be completely unhinged by the knowledge that he is referred to as "Joe Farts" by his colleagues. Mafia greed is of an unmatched purity and intensity, but there is something almost profound in the lack of materialism of many of its members, in the sense that they live to make money but don't seem to care much about keeping it. They tend to be big tippers. They positively incinerate cash, spending like sheiks, and many bet with a mad enthusiasm that only increases with repeated failure. A



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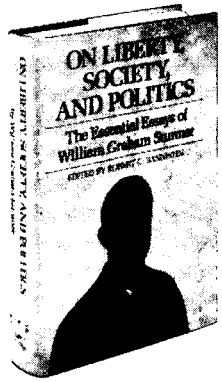


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gambler plays to win, not to earn. Gotti himself could drop forty thousand in a weekend of college football.

But perhaps most irresistible is the perpetual low comedy of palookadom. The last dedication in Joe Bonanno's autobiography is to "Greasy, my loyal and faithful Doberman." The pioneer thieves of negotiable securities tried to hawk them in the street like newspapers. An investigator for the Manhattan DA's office related that so many wire tapped conversations began with sentiments to the effect of "Who knows, maybe they're even listening now? Naah . . ." that they had the quality of a ritual invocation, like grace before meals. And the wiretaps are a reliable source of levity, such as the reply of a meat wholesaler when asked of the provenance of his beef: "Well some of it moos and some of it don't moo." Another recording captured Gennaro Angiullo of Boston as he rejoiced in the belief that his avoidance of all things lawful placed him outside the federal reach: "We're off the hook! We can do anything we want. They can stick RICO. I wouldn't be in a legitimate business for all the money in the world to begin with!"

Late in the Gotti trial, two dozen black protesters marched in front of the federal courthouse. Two Italian men who stood beside them claimed they were "friends and supporters of John Gotti from South Ozone Park," a predominantly black neighborhood in Queens. Their admiration was presumably from afar, as Gotti's own Howard Beach has been notoriously inhospitable to nonwhites, even those with impeccable felony credentials. The demonstrators held signs and chanted, "No justice, no peace," and "Equal justice for John Gotti," until cries of "When do we get paid?" became the more audible protest.

*"We're off the hook! We can do anything we want. They can stick RICO. I wouldn't be in a legitimate business for all the money in the world to begin with!"*

On the last day of summations, a well-dressed, middle-aged woman from a cable network, clearly more at home in official Washington than in underworld Brooklyn, cornered Jackie "The Nose" D'Amico in the hallway. He was surrounded by cronies, all fishing for cigarettes and adjusting ties and toupees. In solemn sound-bite rhythms, she asked, "Mr. D'Amico—in this morning's *New York Post*, you were identified as one who may well ascend Mr. Gotti's throne in the event of his conviction. Any comment?"

Jackie the Nose touched her shoulder—a lightly paternal pat such as might be bestowed on the new cigarette girl at the Copa—and said, "Sweetheart, I just got off the throne. In the men's room. Believe me, it was tough enough!"

When Lucchese capo Peter Chiodo was brought to the hospital, manacled in leg shackles because of his poundage, he had to supply the standard information before admission. When the receiving nurse asked, "Religion?" he thought a moment, then replied, "Well, a lot more since this happened."

At times it seems a wonder that these people don't starve, though Mr. Chiodo, at least, can attest that they do not. Yet no Cosa Nostra family has reached the point where the wisest course would be to register "Mafia" as a trademark and retire on the action-figure royalties. Prosecutors and politicians have been announcing the end of the gangsterdom since the 1920s; were *Fortune* to revise a similar list of world politicians from 1986, it might show a similar rate of attrition. Though labor corruption has been reduced, any industry where timely service is vital for success will always be vulnerable to penetration. It is difficult to imagine how construction, garbage carting, or the transport of perishable food will ever be free from corruption. Potential informants may be discouraged by the new policy of hitting family members who refuse to go into hiding. The vice trades are still booming, and state-sponsored rackets such as lotteries and Off Track Betting have only whetted the public appetite for gambling. The Italian ghettos are now few, but gangsters have come out of middle-class comfort as well as poverty to lead lives of crime. Joe Bonanno had a college education, and Jimmy Coonan, leader of Hell's Kitchen's Westies, was the son of an accountant. The FBI has attributed 137 homicides to the Westies, who reigned when the Irish in the Kitchen were a distinct minority. New groups have been established through violence so extraordinary that La Cosa Nostra avoids a direct challenge whenever possible. The Vietnamese Born to Kill gang has even made a practice of "renting Italians," as an associate of theirs put it, hiring them to dress as police and wave legal-looking documents at merchants who would otherwise keep the door locked. But the violence that brings such prestige does not contribute to organizational longevity, and it remains to be seen how long these groups will endure.

The purpose of all organized criminal enterprise is to make money, and its methods are bribery, blackmail, intimidation, and murder. But only La Cosa Nostra has shown a distinctive ability to adapt to wildly changing circumstance, to retrench when under fire and to find the final opportunity. From Prohibition to the black market in World War II to sophisticated white collar crime, it has exploited virtually every social weakness and delinquency in the country. A friend from Bensonhurst tells of his softball teammate Freddie, a neighborhood luminary in the gambling and drug rackets. Freddie always carries a few thousand in cash wadded in his pocket, and when the game begins he tosses the roll to any local kid in the schoolyard. He knows it's safe. And it makes a far greater impression than a lecture from a parent, teacher, cop, or priest on the dignity of labor. The wages of sin are a lot more than $4.35 an hour. The General Accounting Office set the price of mob containment at "eternal vigilance." If the government succeeds in its crusade against organized crime, and there is every indication it will, La Cosa Nostra might one day again be reduced to the size of U.S. Steel. ❐



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P. J. O'Rourke

# 1992 New Enemies List Third Annual Readers' Update

*This year: dirty-money groups and individuals who fund neo-, proto-, crypto-, demi-, semi-, and plain Ben & Jerry's vanilla Communism in the United States—plus the special "Peter Ueberroth Gold Medal for 100-Meter-Dash-Carrying-a-VCR" awards to those who did the most to provide L.A. murderers and thieves with moral, political, and philosophic justification for all the fun they had.*

Let us commence without preamble what that unmourned sixties radical Danny the (Now Better Than) Red called "The Long March Through the Institutions."

We have two Supercontrib-utors this year. First, there is the lovely (ah, the joys of being a middle-aged Republican and thus allowed to compliment the ladies with a clear conscience and, even, a twinkling eye) Kimberly O. Dennis. Ms. Dennis is the executive director of the Philanthropy Roundtable, an organization that promotes the astonishing idea that charity ought to help people (320 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, IN 46204, in case you'd like to make a donation). Ms. Dennis directs our attention to the Philadelphia-based **Pew Charitable Trusts**. Founded by the owners of Sun Oil and once a model group of charities giving money to churches, schools, museums, homes for the retarded, and other such worthy causes, the Pew Trusts have come down with Ford Foundation Syndrome. A diseased itch for social engineering has replaced a healthy instinct for social service. According to the April 26, 1992, edition of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

> Instead of continuing to fund neighborhood centers to help poor people with their heating bills, Pew gave $5 million in a joint effort with three other big foundations to set up an Energy Foundation to provide grants to promote energy efficiency.
>
> Instead of expanding local child-welfare programs, Pew gave $2.5 million to a New York research corporation to develop a demonstration project "to improve the earnings of absent fathers, the effectiveness of the child-support enforcement system and the financial well-being of poor children."

You get the picture.

*Foundation News*, one of the hand-out industry's professional journals, crowed that the Pew Charitable Trusts "eliminated almost all of their right-wing grantmaking and embraced a broad range of projects, including some that manifestly oppose the business interests the old Pews held inviolable." In other words, the Pew trustees haven't actually killed the golden goose but they *are* chasing it around the yard with an axe. →

*P. J. O'Rourke's most recent books are* Parliament of Whores *(Atlantic Monthly Press/Vintage) and* Give War a Chance *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*



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Of course, no one suffers from Ford Foundation Syndrome like the **Ford Foundation**, which has in the past done the nation such favors as underwriting public television, creating pilot programs for LBJ's "War on Poverty," and providing post-assassination grants to Robert F. Kennedy's staff to help them overcome their grief.

Ms. Dennis sends us a package of information on the Ford Foundation's current activities. Ford is paying to create "advocacy centers" for children in Nigeria—not giving them food or health care, mind you, but giving them a place to make complaints about the lack thereof. Ford is "explor[ing] the obstacles to settling the Palestinian-Israeli conflict"—expecting a few New York double domes to accomplish with one study grant what God Himself has not been able to do in 5,000 years. And Ford is testing Norplant birth-control devices on Bangladeshi women. Which sounds not only genocidal but also counterproductive—what's the Ford Foundation going to do with itself if it doesn't have lots of impoverished Third Worlders to pester and bully?

Ms. Dennis also re-alerts us to the activities of the damnable **MacArthur Foundation** (vivisected by our own Joshua Muravchik in the January 1992 *TAS*). There's been another Big Mac Attack, with so-called genius grants being punted to the likes of:

> Janet Benshoof, 45, New York, president of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy and a litigator and educator in the areas of abortion rights and contraception, awarded $280,000.
>
> Evelyn Fox Keller, professor at University of California, Berkeley, [who] analyzed the social construction of science and the role of sex in how science is conducted, $335,000.
>
> Paula Marshall, 63, Richmond, Va., professor at Virginia Commonwealth University, writer whose fiction explores healing divided selves, divided cultures and a divided world, $369,000.
>
> John Terborgh, 56, Durham, N.C., director of Duke University Center for Tropical Conservation, biologist working in ecology, biogeography, biological conservation and training Peruvian conservation biologists, $335,000.

Training them to duck, we hope.

And, finally, Ms. Dennis sends us an issue of the Roundtable's quarterly publication, *Philanthropy*, in which the United Way scandal is analyzed and the abuses of its former president William Aramony are shown to be "simply the most visible manifestation of the organization's growing immoderation and ambition." The article's author, chairman of the Philanthropy Roundtable Michael S. Joyce, goes on to say:

> United Way of America . . . provides staff training and development, promotes United Way nationally, and lobbies federal and state lawmakers to support public policy initiatives on literacy, homelessness, drug abuse, and other social issues. [Donors may wonder why their contributions are being used to lobby government to supply the services United Way is meant to render.]
>
> To the extent United Way controls the flow of multitudinous individual donations, groups are forced to meet the agency's specifications in order to maintain their funding. If United Way says it will only support the Boy Scouts if it allows girls or homosexuals or atheists to be members, the Boy Scouts either have to comply or lose access to the masses of donations that are channeled through the agency.

Our second Enemies List mega-source is Willa Ann Johnson, founder and chairman of the Capital Research Center (1612 K St., NW, Suite 704, Washington, D.C. 20006). This fine organization, in Ms. Johnson's own words,

> was formed to provide positive new alternatives to the hitherto-dominant culture of philanthropy in America. By challenging the progressive ideology of the public interest culture, Capital Research is helping the philanthropic community rediscover the bedrock principles of individual initiative and responsibility in a free society.

Ms. Johnson writes us a letter saying:

> I have learned from John Von Kannon that you have begun work on your new "Enemies List." . . . I am emboldened to submit the following organizations: The Council on Foundations; Campaign for Human Development; National Organization for Women; Alliance for Justice; AARP; League of Women Voters; Center for Science in the Public Interest; Children's Defense Fund; and Greenpeace.

She encloses a massive package of research material. Herewith, some extracts.

Of the **Council on Foundations**, Capital Research Center senior fellow Marvin Olasky writes:

> To the Chicago Hilton on April 22 [1991] came 2,000 foundation executives and staff members for the 42nd annual conference of the Council on Foundations. . . . I have been following the Council on Foundations, and tracking the $3,600,000 in annual giving its 1,200 members control, since 1985.

Mr. Olasky then details conference sessions and panels on such topics as:

> "Task Force on Inclusiveness"—to help COF members adapt to "the new pluralism"
>
> "Reproductive Rights Breakfast Roundtable" [Yum, say the editors]
>
> "Civil Rights in the 1990s"
>
> "Civil Disobedience in the Civil Society"—with one panelist saying, "We live in a time of terrible somnolence and anesthesia . . ."
>
> "Marketing Our Good Work"—"proactively going after media attention"
>
> "Working Group on Funding Lesbian and Gay Issues"
>
> "Culture and Community Empowerment"—led by one Jane Sapp, director of the Center for Cultural Community Development at Springfield College in Massachusetts, who said: "I wish I could have had this conversation back in 1492. . . . If we had sat down in 1492 and said, 'How do we begin to find a way for all of us to talk together about who we are,' we



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would not have had today's problems. . . . The word is domination. . . . You took away the music . . . you took away self-esteem . . . you made me a consumer."

Poor Mr. Olasky also attends the conference's film festival, where he views such artistic triumphs as:

*Berkeley in the Sixties*

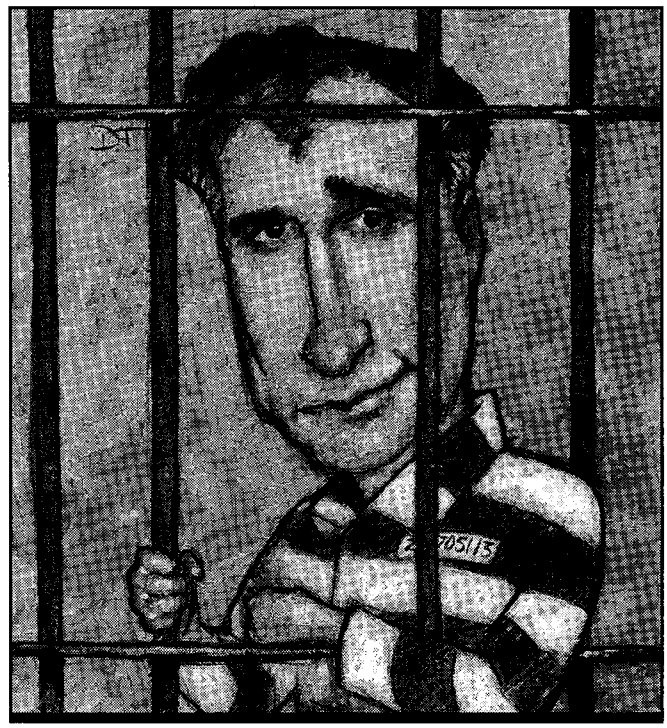
*Global Dumping Ground*—"America's dirty secret . . . export of toxic waste"

*Borderline Medicine*—praising Canada's national health insurance

*H-2 Worker*—substandard living and working conditions in the sugar cane industry

*Streetlife: The Invisible Family*

*Amazonia: Voices From the Rainforest and Chemical Valley*—set in West Virginia and funded by the Ford Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, etc., and containing such memorable lines as "They killed the Indians, now they're killing the hillbillies."



The **Campaign for Human Development** is one of the Catholic Church's largest charitable programs. It's run by the U.S. Catholic Conference under the auspices of the National Conference of Bishops. In 1990 CHD raised $9.82 million. Here's what some of that money goes for:

Expanding Communications to Empower Indian People of Fort Bethold ($33,000); . . . Amnesty Farmworkers Organizing Project ($25,000); . . . Build Homes Not Bombs ($20,000); Virginia Association Against the Death Penalty ($30,000); Organizing and Educating for Legislative Advocacy on Welfare Issues ($30,000); . . . Parents United for Child Care ($40,000); Campaign for Accessible Health Care ($40,000); . . . and the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now (ACORN), a product of 1960s radical activism that engages in community organizing to "win the maximum amount of political power possible to be exercised by our constituency and their organization." The goal: "for low- to moderate-income people to take back what's rightfully ours," which, to ACORN, means "everything." Between 1978 and 1989 CHD funnelled better than $1,000,000 to ACORN projects across the United States.

The **Alliance for Justice** is headed by Nan Aron, formerly of the horrible ACLU. Says the Capital Research Center:

Alliance . . . is an amalgam of groups that took a leadership role in lobbying against confirmation of Robert Bork and Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court. It also opposed confirmation of Justice David Souter, spearheaded the successful fight against Judge Kenneth Ryskamp's nomination to the Eleventh Circuit Court of Appeals, and was critical of the nomination of Kenneth Starr to be Solicitor General because of his allegedly "restrictive views on the role of the courts" and presumed "insensitivity to the rights of minorities." . . . According to the *New York Times*, it was officials of the Alliance for Justice who first brought Anita Hill to the Senate Judiciary Committee's attention.

The **League of Women Voters** is about as nonpartisan as the House of Representatives. Capital Research Center notes that the League:

supports increased welfare spending . . . while opposing increases in the defense budget. . . . The League says it "will be working to ensure that the federal government has overall responsibility for financing basic income-assistance programs." . . . The League opposed "enactment [in 1985] of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Balanced Budget and Emergency Deficit Control Act" . . . and also opposes both the so-called "line-item veto" (at the federal level) and "a proposed constitutional amendment mandating a balanced budget." . . .

[The League opposed] "efforts to substitute private programs for social security." The League also "opposes any initiatives that would reduce social security benefits to achieve deficit reductions."

. . . The League supports "clean-air" legislation that would "institute a tough acid-rain control program." . . .

The League of Women Voters is listed in the "peace" movement–oriented *Peace Resource Book: A Comprehensive Guide to Issues, Groups, and Literature 1986*, which describes the League as a women's "Activist Group" which "lobbies against the MX [missile], Star Wars, and increased military spending." . . .

A statement of the League's position on U.S. relations with developing countries announced . . . that "U.S. policies toward developing countries should not be based on maintaining U.S. preeminence for fighting communism."

And—E-Listers take note—"the League condemns the so-called 'witchhunt' period of the early fifties."

The **Center for Science in the Public Interest** is a Naderite front group. Capital Research points out that CSPI is:

pro-government, pro-tax, pro-regulation, and anti-business. . . . It wants the Department of Agriculture's labeling regulations



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> for meat and poultry, as well as its policy on health claims, to conform to those of the Food and Drug Administration. . . . CSPI's promotion of tougher labeling laws . . . is part of a much larger campaign against the very notion of marketing.

The federal government, says CSPI director of legal affairs Bruce Silverglade, must "put a stop to this marketplace free-for-all." Funding for these nasty little fascists of the supermarket aisles comes from:

**S.H. Cowell Foundation** ($37,500)
**C.S. Fund** ($30,000)
**Glen Eagles Foundation** ($20,000)
**George Gund Foundation** ($20,000)
**Ruth Mott Fund** ($50,000)
**Wallace Genetic Foundation** ($15,000)

The **Children's Defense Fund** is another lovely charity, dear to the heart of Hillary Clinton, no doubt. CDF cares, cares, cares about kids—though not enough to defend them in a war. The Capital Research Center tells us:

> At least since the Vietnam War, there has been a growing emphasis within the political left on so-called "economic conversion": taking tax dollars traditionally allocated to national defense and using them instead to underwrite expanded federal involvement in such domestic areas as the environment, health care, and welfare. The Children's Defense Fund, widely perceived simply as a Washington-based children's advocacy group, is a significant part of this movement.

CRC further notes that the 1986 *Peace Resource Book* "describes CDF as a 'Lobby Group' focused on 'Military Spending.'" Among the self-described altruists sponsoring this nonsense:

**Ford Foundation** (total of $1,000,000)
**General Mills Foundation** ($10,000)
**Prudential Foundation** ($10,000)
**Rockefeller Foundation** ($500,000)
**Helena Rubenstein Foundation** (total of $55,000)

We have no room here to do justice to the Capital Research Center's work on **Greenpeace**. Let us simply quote from a Greenpeace brochure—"Humanity is not the center of life on the planet. Ecology has taught us that the whole earth is part of our 'body'"—and leave it to the imagination what part of that body Greenpeace has its head up.

Ms. Johnson also sends us a book, *Patterns of Corporate Philanthropy*, by the afore-cited Marvin Olasky with the assistance of Daniel T. Oliver and Robert V. Pambianco. *Patterns* is a detailed account of U.S. corporate charity, and in its pages we find the **Dayton Hudson Corporation** giving money to the Ms. Foundation for Women and the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund; **General Mills** giving to the Gray Panthers Project Fund, the American Friends Service Committee, and the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union Foundation; **American Express** giving to the Children's Defense Fund and the Women's Action Alliance; and **J. P. Morgan and Company**, of all people, giving to the ACLU. Lenin believed that capitalists would sell him the rope they'd be hanged with. Wrong. They want to give it away free.

Besides the white knights at the Capital Research Center and the Philanthropy Roundtable, countless other readers have been responding to our call to "Arms Not Alms." We can mention only a few score of these patriots.

An anonymous (and, let us hope, unincarcerated) correspondent sends us a note saying: "The **Edna McConnell Clark Foundation** is *the* most active foundation in Prison Reform. Only their reforms—not!" He or she encloses a Clark Foundation brochure containing such gems as: "Fear of crime, rather than crime itself, seems to be fueling the nation's rising incarceration rates."

Frank J. O'Neill of Dunlap, California, writes:

> If you have the nerve to join me I would like to nominate one of America's most sacred cows—the **American Association of Retired Persons**. This organization has an operating budget of over $300 million a year, and its policies and lobbying positions go virtually unchallenged by anyone. I submit that there are millions of Americans (many or most of them elderly) that are being subjected to the liberal line of propaganda through *Modern Maturity* magazine and the *AARP Bulletin*.

He sends along a copy of the July/August 1992 *AARP Bulletin*, with a lead article showing how well pink and gray go together:

> No sooner did Lovola Burgess take over as AARP's new president than she vigorously defended older Americans against charges they are diverting resources away from children in need.
>
> "To think, as some people do, that programs like Social Security and Medicare are the cause of the growing rate of poverty among children is wrong," Burgess said. "Utterly wrong."
>
> "The issue isn't old versus young," she added. "It's the 'haves' versus the 'have nots' in our society."

Mark A. Siefert of Muskego, Wisconsin, says what he'd like to do to comsymps is nail their bleeding hearts to the door of every college building in the U.S. "But, since we have laws, religion, and morality, we have to make do with the *TAS* New Enemies List." He proposes for effigy portal-spiking:

> **Esprit de Corps**, for its "What would you do to change the world ads," which glorify gun control, abortion, and afrocentrism.
>
> **Levi-Strauss**, for cutting donations to the Boy Scouts because the scouts will not let homosexuals, atheists, and (strangely enough) girls join.
>
> **MTV**, for three reasons: (1) For not letting Rush H. Limbaugh III be a VJ on their music network because he's a conservative; (2) for letting Bill Clinton on their other, and more popular, music network because he's not a conservative;



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(3) for letting PETA, Greenpeace, and Magic Johnson on their children's network, Nickelodeon, to make sure that children don't become conservatives.

**Time-Warner**, for distributing Ice-T's CD, "Cop Killer."

**McDonald's**, for its new environmental policy on fast-food containers.

**Turner Broadcasting**, for the disgusting and hypocritical union of monopolistic company owner Ted Turner and known Communist Jane Fonda, and for the conception and birth of their loathsome bastard offspring, *Captain Planet and the Planeteers.*

**Orion Pictures**, for creating *Wayne's World* and the *Bill and Ted* movies.

**Any motion picture company that makes movies, TV shows, etc. about two teenagers with their own cable TV show. Or, about two teenagers who go joy-riding through time, screwing up history, with the help of hippie comedians from the future.**

**The New York School System**, for doling out condoms to kids.

**Fox Television**, for doling out condoms to kids (on "Beverly Hills, 9120248424945796971546 5")

**The Christic Institute**, for investigating President Bush and his family at the request of Ross Perot. (The Christic Institute has appeared in past E-lists. This should disprove the myth that Ross Perot is a conservative.)

**Planned Parenthood**, for out-Hitlering Hitler, out-Stalining Stalin, and accepting contributions from Ross Perot.

"You asked for groups?" Mr. Siefert continues. "I'll give you groups (rock, that is)":

**Nirvana**, for putting child pornography on their CD covers.

**Red Hot Chili Peppers**, for trying to put ordinary pornography on their CD covers.

**Guns N' Roses**, for putting vocal pornography in their CDs.

**Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch**, for flag-burning and Bush-bashing.

Paxton Helms of Atlanta, Georgia, writes from Europe to condemn:

> Any company that takes out a full-page ad in the *European Times* to announce that it "[lends] only to companies we believe to be as sound ethically as they are financially." The ethics, of course, are things like testing cosmetics on dummy rabbits.

And he sends us an example from some hapless Lancaster, England, financial institution called **The Co-operative Bank**, which probably doesn't have anything but moldy carrots to lend anyway.

Rich Hardcastle of Terre Haute, Indiana, rails against:

**The Eugene V. Debs Foundation**, for giving out awards to further the work of leftist "visionaries" such as Ed Asner, Jesse Jackson, and Peter, Paul and Mary. The foundation is dedicated to keeping socialism on the respirator long enough to revive it when capitalism is discredited.

**The Indiana State University Student Government**, for funding Native-American pow-wows and other such guilt trips.

**ISU's Housing Now! chapter**, for funding marches against Desert Storm.

**People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals**, for actually calling a student government vice-presidential candidate a "murderer" because he joked about his love of red meat.

Patrick Mathias of Manville, New Jersey, takes umbrage at:

**Linda Bloodworth-Thomason** and **Harry Thomason**: executive producers of the politically correct "Designing Women" CBS television show. The Thomasons are vocal supporters of Bill Clinton [N.B. And produced his sickening "bad stepfather" home movie for the Democratic convention—Ed.] and have his brother on their payroll as a production assistant (*Spy*, July-August 1992).

Following the Clarence Thomas hearings, the Thomasons rushed into production an episode of "Designing Women" that may rank as the crudest piece of agitprop since the last PBS documentary about ACT-UP. Linda Bloodworth-Thomason subsequently called the "Larry King" show on CNN to denounce the revelations about Clinton's sex life as nothing more than Republican smear tactics. According to former cast member (and, perhaps not coincidentally, a Republican) Delta Burke, the Thomasons also sent strongly worded letters to their cast and crew asking for donations to Clinton's campaign.

Another O'Neill, one N. J. of Tracy, California, tells us: "Imagine my surprise when I found this marvelous collection of enemies (with the possible exception of the Pediatric AIDS Foundation) on the back of the latest B-52s CD. I therefore nominate the **B-52s** to serve on the Enemies List for their support of these organizations." The jacket text reads, in part:

> STOP! READ BEFORE OPENING
> The B-52's support these organizations, which are among the many working to make the quality of life better on this planet.
> The B-52's encourage you to check out these worthwhile organizations as well as your local direct action



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groups, since we all need to participate to bring about positive change. We have tried to eliminate the use of the long box, but where that was not possible, we have added this useful clip and save.

CLIP AND SAVE
**Amnesty International**
**Common Cause**
**Greenpeace**
**National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL)**
**National Audubon Society**
**National Organization for Women (NOW)**
**Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC)**
**The Nature Conservancy**
**Pediatric AIDS Foundation**
**People For The American Way**
**People For The Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA)**
**Public Citizen**
**Rigpe Dorje Foundation**
**Save The Manatees**
**Sierra Club**

We've spared you the phone numbers of these "organizations," which are listed alongside.

Getting slightly off the eleemosynary track, Irving L. Jacobs of San Diego, California, gleefully roasts:

> **The San Diego Union-Tribune**, ostensibly a conservative daily newspaper, for turning over its Arts & Entertainment departments to the liberal-left. A red star goes to book editor Arthur Salm, who damned *Give War a Chance* for its "fascist sentiments," bashed *The Conservative Crack-Up* as the work of a has-been, but who just did an adoring, worshipful interview with Molly Ivins, who "gleefully roasts right-wingers."

Ronald D. Crockett of Wollaston, Massachusetts, wrote to the United States Office of Personnel Management to complain about the inclusion of the idiotic People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals in the **Combined Federal Campaign**, a United Way–type program that solicits charitable donations in government workplaces. This is from the reply he got:

> In December 1987, Congress passed the first permanent legislation on the Combined Federal Campaign (CFC). In that legislation OPM was mandated to make the CFC more inclusive rather than exclusive. As a result, many new and different types of voluntary agencies have been found eligible. . . . Next year's CFC list of eligible charities will probably increase again. Furthermore, in conformance with the mandate of Congress, it is reasonable to expect that this list will contain groups that some employees may find objectionable. Nevertheless, I expect the past trend to continue and the CFC will have another record year for total contributions.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Dennis A. Matteotti
> CFC Operations

Hope you never need a baboon liver, Dennis.

Marguerite Snow of Stockton, California, admits:

> I've lived in California all of my life and I know it's a big state and I know we have more than our share of flakes, but even I was amazed to see how many groups could crawl out from under the woodwork to oppose the liberation of my children from our loathsome teachers' union. And they claim it's only a "partial" list.

She attaches a California Teachers Association/National Education Association advertisement:

> On Record against 'Choice/Vouchers'
> Groups Agreeing with CTA's Position
>
> **American Assn of University Women**
> **Americans United for Separation of Church and State**
> **Anti-Defamation League**
> **Black American Political Assn of CA**
> **CA Council of United Auto Workers Retirees**
> **CA Democratic Party**
> **CA Legislative Council for Older Americans**
> **CA National Organization for Women**
> **CA State P.T.A.**
> **CA State Police Assn**
> **Chicano Federation**
> **Coalition of CA Welfare Organizations**
> **Coalition of Medical Providers**
> **Committee to Protect the Political Rights of Minorities**
> **Jewish Community Relations Committee, Jewish Federation Council of Greater Los Angeles**
> **Legislative Black Caucus**
> **Natl Assn for the Advancement of Colored People, Region 1**
> **Older Women's League, San Francisco**
> **The Rainbow Coalition**
> **A. Philip Randolph Institute**
> **Raza Administrators and Counselors of Higher Education**
> **Thai Assn of Southern CA**
> **Unified Vietnamese Community Council**

The above is a partial listing of their partial listing.

Adrian H. Krieg of Woodbridge, Connecticut, forwards a wonderful article from the September 17, 1990, issue of *Forbes*, describing some thirty-five interlocking and largely tax-free Ralph Nader organizations. Says *Forbes*: "Like all good empire builders, Ralph Nader has created a highly effective organization, the elements of which are tied together by financial and personal relationships." Some of the most egregious Nader metastases, as described by *Forbes*:

> **Center for Auto Safety**—major grants from State Farm and Allstate foundations. Sells litigation kits to lawyers involved in auto litigation.
>
> **Occupational Safety and Health Law Center**—specializing in defending workers' rights and employee suits.
>
> **Center for Science in the Public Interest**—petitions and lobbies for regulation of the food and pesticide industry.
>
> **Citizen Utility Boards**—funding: membership; "intervenor fees" utilities are legally obliged to pay CUB activists.
>
> **Public Citizen, Inc.**—Nader's longtime flagship lobbying litigation group.
>
> **Public Interest Research Groups**—twenty-five state chap-



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ters on 90 college campuses. Funding: through mandatory or "negative checkoff" student fees.

**Trial Lawyers for Public Justice Foundation**—activities: class action, precedent-setting suits; litigation clearinghouse.

**Council for Responsible Genetics**—works to restrict recombinant DNA research.

**Institute for Injury Reduction**—funding: plaintiff attorneys. Finances product liability research and media events.

**Consumers Union**—cofounded Center for Auto Safety with Nader. Collaborates with Public Citizen to fight against tort reforms.

**National Committee for Responsive Philanthropy**—lobbies foundations, corporations to give to "progressive" groups.

**Fund for Constitutional Government**—funded in part by General Motors heir Stuart Mott. Its Government Accountability Project works closely with Public Citizen, filing joint amicus briefs against the government.

As if on cue, Matthew G. Mirmak writes from Minneapolis, Minnesota:

> I suggest that you nominate **Augsburg College**, their student senate, and the Naderite chapter of MPIRG (Minnesota Public Interest Research Group) for conspiring to force the student body of Augsburg to pay an additional mandatory fee of $3.75, which is tacked on to our tuition bill, to MPIRG, in order to fund their leftist and downright pinko activities.

Eric T. Fritz of Mauston, Wisconsin, is, like Mr. Mirmak, angry with his Midwestern institution of higher learning:

> $47 of my $1,957 student bill at the **University of Wisconsin-Whitewater** goes to the Segregated University Fee Allocation Committee, which in turn goes to groups like the Gay Lesbian Student Union, the Environmental Federation, and RISE, or Resistance to Intervention, Suppression, and Exploitation, a bunch of sixties dropouts and crybabies just to the left of Pol Pot.

Mark Peña of Austin, Texas, sends us the schedule of the University of Texas's "1992 English Department Graduate Colloquium: Pedagogy and Values." Among the various panels offered the lucky participants:

> Feminism, Marxism, and Cultural Activism in the University
> Rethinking Pedagogy in Light of Postmodernism
> Desire in the Classroom: A Pedagogical Rubric
> Coming Out Professionally: The Responsibility of Gay and Straight Faculty
> Gender and Trauma in the Classroom
> Teaching Writing and the Lesbian Subject
> Writing, Power, and Homophobia in the Computer-Mediated Classroom
> Learning Composition and Literature From Women of Color
> Teaching Reading and Writing as a History of Competition Between Social Discourses
> The Cultural Trope of Literacy and the Rhetoric of Grammar
> The Shifting Subject(s) of Literary Study; or, How Do You Spell 'Hegemony'?

We need hardly say that Mr. Peña would like the **U.T. English Department** added to the Enemies List.

J. Lloyd Simms of Barnegat, New Jersey, detests:

> **Warner Bros.**, for funding Spike Lee's Malcolm X movie when they could've used that money toward *Batman 3.*
>
> **Network executives**, for giving millions of dollars worth of free publicity to "Sister Souljah" by booking her on such shows as "Larry King," "Today," etc., etc.

Robert P. Fairchild of Arlington, Virginia, gives a Bronx cheer to:

> **Michael Wood**, PBS personality and putative archaeologist, described as "writer and presenter" of "Legacy," whose final installment ("The Barbarian West") concludes with One World platitudes and ravings in the genre of apocalyptic environmentalism.

And points out that **Maryland Public Television**, **NHK** (Enterprises?), **MFS** (Mutual Fund Services?), and the **Corporation for Public Broadcasting** were all listed in the credits as sources of funding for "Legacy."

Dr. Tom Bohr of Redlands, California, would have us spin the dial on:

> **KPFK**, a Los Angeles area station located somewhere near Tom Hayden's haunt of Berkeley-South, Santa Monica. It is part of the "Radio Pacifica" (Pacifistica?) network.
>
> Besides promoting the rantings of Nuclear Winter nutcake and pseudoscientist Helen Caldicott, they were proud to offer air time to Louis Farrakhan henchman Steve Cokely of Chicago. Cokely insinuated that federal officials set some of the L.A. riot fires. He is better known for accusing Jewish doctors of injecting blacks with AIDS.

Paul Pakala of Appleton, Wisconsin, vents his spleen upon the **New York State Arts Council**: "I feel they deserve an evening in a burned-out theater, sitting in urine, listening to lesbian rap singers, and wearing tie-dyed T-shirts."

John Doughty of Monrovia, California, mails us the **National Chicano Moratorium Committee**'s "wanted" poster of Christopher Columbus. The great mis-placer of India is accused of "grand theft, genocide, racism, initiating



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the destruction of a culture, rape, torture and maiming of indigenous people."

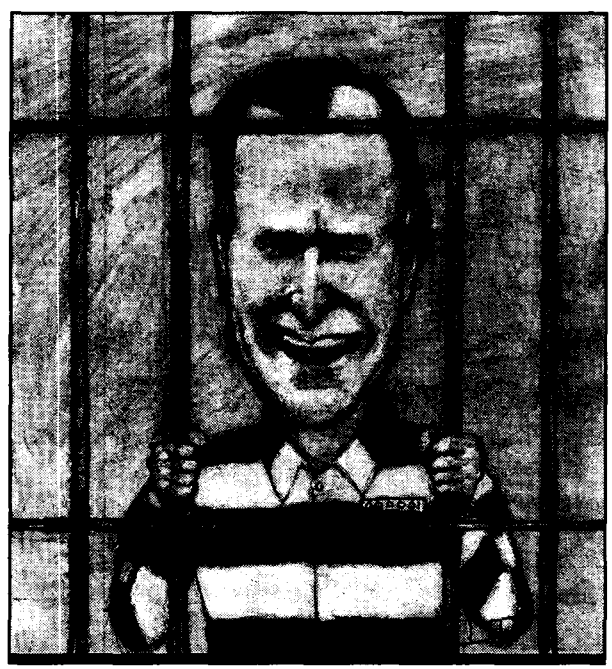
Scott Forrest of Brooklyn Park, Minnesota, is a consumer-activist consumer of ***Consumer Reports***. He suggests they be recalled for "their constant sermonizing about the homeless, the 'environment,' and socialized medicine. I wish they would spare me the lectures and just tell me which VCR to buy."

Eric J. Paddon of Devon, Pennsylvania, avers:

My nominee for the Enemies List is **Comedy Central**, an irritating cable TV channel which on the average serves up two hours of decent programming (Jack Benny, Steve Allen) and twenty-two hours of pinko propaganda. [Eric, are you *sure* about Steve?—Ed.] In addition to the usual group of talentless stand-up comics who think they can get a laugh by uttering the name "Ronald Reagan" in a sarcastic manner, the worst abuser is a series known as "Mystery Science Theater 3000."

The premise of the series isn't too bad. A naive geek and his two robots are stranded in space and forced to watch bad movies that they talk back to. However, their forays into political satire always end up on the pink side.

Case in point: While talking back to a bad science fiction movie in which aliens brainwash earthlings to do their bidding, the stupefied human begins to walk about in a daze and offers up this bit of sarcasm: "Now I understand, Ronald Reagan was a great President."



Kevin J. Hritz—what is it with the middle initial "J." among us incredibly talented and sensitive people?—of St. Mary's, Pennsylvania, proscribes:

**General Electric**, for those saccharine multicultural ads on "This Week With David Brinkley."

One World Ted's little outfit in Atlanta, [**CNN**, for the] disgusting "The People Bomb" series shown during May of 1992. I hope he takes the advice of the series and decides to forgo the creation of his progeny with Miss Hanoi 1972.

**Pennsylvania State University**, for creating the Office of the Vice Provost of Underrepresented Groups.

**Any group or corporation that actually pays to sponsor a $10,000 Anita Hill speech.** You know who you are.

**The Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers.** I never thought it would happen, but in the latest issue of its house publication *Spectrum*, the cover story, "Diversity in the Engineering Workplace," discusses sexual orientation. I suppose I will now have to show that my designs contain 10 percent gay/lesbian/bisexual engineering content before I can land accounts with really big corporations.

The Rev. James H. Fladland of Richmond, Virginia, is a professional in the field of sin and knows an enemy of God and man when he sees one:

Much as it pains me to do so, I must nominate the denomination of which I am an ordained clergyman for this year's Enemies List. **The Evangelical Lutheran Church in America** has proved itself to be the most PC church body in the U.S., not just for the usual stuff (e.g., Columbus bashing and *New Masses*–sounding "socio-economic analyses") but by ensconcing in its very constitution the hideous principle of racial, sexual, and linguistic quotas.

Timothy C. Reiner of Worchester, Massachusetts, will rent some John Wayne videos and eschew:

**WGBH** (Channel 2) and **WGBX** (Channel 44)—for hectoring the good people of eastern Massachusetts with left-wing PBS propaganda, much of it at their own expense, and for scheduling Bill Buckley's "Firing Line" at eleven o'clock on Sunday nights.

The Presidency of the United States is, technically, an institution and Charles E. Strothman of Fort Walton Beach, Florida, is ready to condemn it:

The Number One Pinko is **!@#$%¢&* George Bush**, for his exemplary demonstration of commie appeasement in the true fashion of Harry Truman and the selling out of the United States in a way that, until now, only Franklin Roosevelt, Dean Acheson, and Jeemy Carter knew how to do. Particularly selling out to the Number One Enemy—the **United States Congress**.

Dr. Edward B. Elmer of Pleasanton, Texas, decries:

**The Nature Conservancy**
("Fifth Amendment—what Fifth Amendment?")
**CBS "News"** (lovers of Leonard "I Wuz Framed Peltier)
**MTV when it gets into politics**
**Any and all teachers' unions**
**The AMA** (the newest gun control lobby)
***The Boston Globe***
***The Boston Globe***
***The Boston Globe***

Carl L. Rowley, Jeffrey E. Asbed, and Jon M. Moyers of St. Louis, Missouri, being lawyers all, bring a bill of attainder against:

The **Peace Corps**, because its name contains the word "peace," and because it arrogantly and mistakenly implies that the Corps' "mission" could conceivably prevent war, or even an argument between pygmies over who cooks the cat tonight. (And for doing so with money that was not its until it took it from us.)

The **National Education Association**, because its non-merit-based-pay, six-hour-per-day, nine-month-per-year mem-



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bers refuse to take competency examinations, purportedly for reasons other than their own incompetence. And because most of them are Communists.

Sean Smith of Weehawken, New Jersey, goes right to the top when he's mad. He has it in for:

**Matthew**, who misquoted Jesus in 19:23. The actual quote was "It is *easier* for a rich man to enter the gates of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," not the other way around. If Old Matty hadn't screwed that up we wouldn't have Liberation Theology, Vatican II, or the Christic Institute.

Neither rain nor snow nor Victoria's Secret catalogues stop mailman Art Vasterling once he gets going:

I want to see all non-profit mailing discontinued with the exception of material for the blind. I know this makes me a heretic in both the union and the post office by insisting that we rid ourselves of every person and/or function that does not move mail. But our body politic is riddled with those who use the U.S. Mail for fund-raising to attack my life-style and culture. The latest lousebag lobby is the **Native American Rights Fund**, which appeared last fall. They are soliciting donations for protest and bail bonds to be utilized in the spoilage and ruination of every Columbian Celebration within their reach.

Art, by the way, did not provide us with a return address.

J. J. Rose of Boston, Massachusetts, says:

The Brother Can You Spare a Billion medal is pinned to the derrière of the **stockholders of American car companies**. These patsies dole out tens of millions in salaries and perks to their executives, who then become globetrotting mendicants asking for protection against Japan. There was a time when the "protection" against foreign competition was a good product, not congressional action. But, hey, why do it the hard way if Uncle Sap will foot the bill?

Joe A-something, whose last name is illegible but who identifies himself as "the only sagebrush Republican male nurse in America," has put down the bedpan and picked up the gun:

Stand back! I don't want you to get hit with any shrapnel:

**The African National Congress**

**The World Wildlife Fund**

**The Children's Defense Fund**

**The National Conference of Mayors**

**The ACLU** (too obvious, huh?)

**The Albuquerque Chapter of the NAACP** (for the Bobby Knight flap)

**The Staff at the *Oregonian*** (a nest of pathological liars posing as a newspaper)

**Lawrence Walsh's gang of thugs**

**The Oregon Peace Institute** (what does their "I believe you, Anita" bumpersticker have to do with World Peace?)

**People for the American Way**

***Time Magazine*** (Watch out, *U.S. News & World Report*. You're heading down the same path.)

**Physicians for Social Responsibility** (a bunch of bell-bottomed, finger-pointers who feel guilty about their Adjusted Gross Incomes)

**The World Health Organization** (for inviting Liz Taylor to lecture on matters of personal hygiene)

**The National Commission on AIDS** (for promulgating the biggest fraud since "Camelot")

And, finally *(Pull! . . . Kaboom!)*, the **Republican Party** (for piddling away the greatest intellectual revolution since $E=MC^2$).

Tod Davis of Kentwood, Michigan, excommunicates:

**All the churches whose leaders apparently live by this revised version of the Ten Commandments:**

I. You shall have no other gods before the Federal Government of the United States.

II. You shall not make for yourself an idol in the form of anything on the earth, but worship the earth itself.

III. Do not take Jesse Jackson's name in vain.

IV. Remember the anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade* and keep it holy.

V. Honor your mother, your mother's boyfriend, your father's boyfriend, etc.

VI. You may not kill criminals who have been convicted of heinous crimes, but feel free to kill human fetuses of all ages.

VII. You may not commit adultery—without a condom.

VIII. You may not steal—except from the rich or during a riot.

IX. You may not give false testimony—except when attempting to keep Clarence Thomas off the Supreme Court.

X. You shall not covet anything that belongs to your neighbor—except for the purpose of redistributing the wealth.

Jennifer L. Durham of (and this must cause some confusion for Mr. Vasterling and his fellow post officers) Raleigh, North Carolina, inveighs against:

The assortment of ridiculous government agencies easily found in any phone book. Here's a sampling from the Raleigh listings:

**The Disabilities Governor's Advocacy Council**

**Youth Advocacy and Involvement Office**

**The Adult Health Division's Divisions of Refugee Health and Migrant Health**

**The Plant Industry Division's Bee Program**

**The Inmate Grievance Commission**

**The Division of Environmental Health's Shellfish Sanitation Branch**

**The Facility Services Division of Bingo Licensing**

**Felony Diversion Program** (is this a new euphemism for prison?)

**Parent to Parent** (?)

**The Labor Department's Health and Safety Department's Elevator and Amusement Device Division** (whew!)

**The Barber Examiners Licensing Board**

**NC Center for International Understanding**

And she adds:

The following stupid items and regulations funded and/or enforced with taxpayer money:

Abnormally low speed limits (which includes most of them)

A new law in North Carolina (and probably other places) requiring motorists to turn on their headlights if it's raining hard enough to use the windshield wipers. →



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A new regulation in some states prohibiting one to return to a salad bar with a dirty plate.

Robert L. Hamilton of Edmonton, Alberta, can't help himself:

> I know this list is only supposed to contain institutions, associations, etc., but I can't help myself. I have to nominate the **boneheads in our Province of Ontario** for electing a socialist government just when the rest of the world is turfing the silly buggers out of their legislatures. (P.S. If you must have an institution, I nominate the **Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.**)

Vincent Frattaruolo of Palm Beach, Florida, whose critical sense is a lot sharper than his handwriting, scribbles a reproof of:

> **The International Commission on English in the Liturgy**, the organization responsible for the introduction of gender-neutral language in the Catholic Mass.

Matt Stuart of Altoona, Iowa, rebukes:

> **The Creators of TV's "Star Trek—Next Generation,"** for trying to make the future politically correct.

Lawrence D. Skutch of Westport, Connecticut, spotted this howler:

> **Trustees of the John F. Kennedy Library Foundation**, who gave this year's "Profiles in Courage" award to Lowell Weicker because he raised taxes rather than taking the more difficult and courageous route by cutting spending.

Dr. Dennis J. (there it is again) Doolin of Tokyo, Japan, doesn't have any nominations to the Enemies List. Perhaps still reeling after President Bush's visit last winter, he writes to ask a simple question: "I've been in Tokyo for the past fifteen years. Is some diabolical group lacing our nation's reservoirs with mind-altering substances?"

The short answer, Dr. Doolin, is yes.

And, on this year's E-List, we give the last word to Warren Wetmore of Hazel Crest, Illinois:

> Who subventions the Sinistrals? We could round up the usual suspects—the Ford Foundation, the MacArthur Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation (whose conservative founders continue to redline their tachometers, spinning in their graves). Fools contributing to knaves is strictly dog-bites-man. However, if we really want to de-fund the left, we must hold an emergency competency hearing on the biggest spastic, drooling, brain-dead Daddy Dumbbucks of them all: **THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**

*(Editors' Note: We are very disappointed that no one mentioned **Benetton**. We don't know how much money this corporation gives to Commies, but it certainly gives a lot of bad ideas to kids in shopping malls: "Hey, Muffy, look, a picture of starving people! Way cool! Makes me totally want to buy a sweater!")*

# THE PETER UEBERROTH GOLD MEDAL FOR 100-METER-DASH-CARRYING-A-VCR

Now for the second part of our mission, wherein laurels are awarded to public figures who praised, encouraged, downplayed, excused, or called for "understanding of" the L.A. riots:

Helen H. Bergman of New York, New York, sends us a copy of the June 12, 1992, *Public Employee Press*, the newspaper of New York's District Council 37 of the AFL-CIO American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (there's nothing like the U.S. labor movement for windy monikers, now that the Kremlin is gone). In this august publication, **Stanley Hill**, executive director of District Council 37, is quoted addressing the annual convention of the Coalition of Black Trade Unionists:

> "CBTU's theme—bringing our communities together—was made even more relevant by the damage caused by dreams deferred," Hill said, when delegates toured L.A., seeing the devastation first-hand.

Steven Carter, who lives in L.A. and was "seeing the devastation first-hand" big time, mails us a brochure from the **Liberty Hill Foundation**. What they mean by "Hill" is probably Beverly, possibly Anita. What they mean by "Liberty" we shudder to think:

> The Liberty Hill Foundation announces the "Fund for a New L.A." to assist organizations working for racial equality, democratic planning and community economic development in the aftermath of the Rodney King verdict and Los Angeles uprising. . . . Through a generous donation from Comic Relief, the Liberty Hill Foundation has created a special fund to help community organizations respond to the challenges posed by the recent riots in Los Angeles.
>
> The goal of the "Fund for a New L.A." is to enable community organizations to promote institutional change to solve the injustices which helped to create the Los Angeles upheaval: poverty, racial tensions, police brutality and urban violence.

Edward Flynn of Garland, Texas, states:

> My nominees for the "Ubie," whose primary distinguishing features seemed to be opening every monologue with "there is no excuse for this kind of behavior" and then going on for ten minutes excusing it, are **Maxine Waters** and **Bryant Gumbel**.



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John C. Morrison of Windsor, Connecticut, makes three awards:

**Boy Clinton**, as quoted in the *New York Times* on May 2: "To them, it sort of stands for all the neglect, all the economic decline, all the insecurity in the streets, and not being able to walk safely on the streets." Well now, what better way to make the streets safe? If one is afraid to stroll, start a riot!

A walking miracle named **Lourdes Baird**, U.S. attorney in L.A., said there was no racial element in the beating near to death delivered to Mr. Reginald Denny. This gem was quoted straight-faced in the *New York Times* on May 14. She is pursuing racial bias charges against the police in the King case.

The ***New York Times***, for absolute and total unmitigated nonsense in every word they saw fit to print.

And Mr. Morrison further notes that no one "will admit that 'Checkday,' May 2, had most to do with stopping the riots, when the Post Office refused to deliver. People had to line up for blocks to get their checks!"

Robert Kord of Cutler, Maine, proposes a shared medal in a "bulsh conglomerate category":

**Paul Wellstone**
**Jane Fonda and mouthmate**
**Patricia Schroeder**
**M. Kinsley and M. Gorbachev**
**Patti Davis**

Ed Busca of Chicago, Illinois, hands the palm to L.A. mayor **Tom Bradley** for inflammatory remarks after the King trial decision and notes that "if Hizzoner Mayor Daley I or II had said anything resembling Honorable Tom's blast, he would have been burned at the stake."

Rich Hardcastle of Terre Haute, Indiana, who has already done some fine work on our Enemies List above, returns to confer honors upon:

**kristina marie korobov**, who, as the first female Student Government President at Indiana State University, not only forgot how to capitalize her name but also called a public forum of "understanding," which resulted in near-fistfights and similar versions of harmony in the wake of the L.A. riots.

Dan Buksa of Munster, Indiana, yearns to suitably reward:

**Sister Souljah**, who "raps" that "blacks should take a week off from work to kill whites."

Roy O'Grady of Goose Creek, South Carolina, gives the prize to **Arsenio Hall**:

He was useless in stopping the riots once they had started, and he gave the gang members of L.A. a forum for their beliefs without ever questioning the sincerity of these drug-dealing, murderous thugs.

Barbara Morgan of Hot Springs, Arkansas, tells us:

During the CNN coverage, I was amazed to see a tall, nattily dressed black man identified only as the "**Mayor of Compton**" invite the local Koreans to "leave town." This was replayed numerous times, but nary a word against this type of racial invective was heard from *any* commentator.

John P. Doremus of Tallahassee, Florida, proposes Gold, Silver, Bronze, Cement, and Mud medals to:

**"Donahue"/ABC**
**Donahue's guest Al Sharpton**
**Maxine Waters** (please!)
**Mayor Tom Bradley**
**"The Today Show"/NBC**

As Mr. Doremus explains, "All of the above loudly condemned in a public forum the King verdict hours after it was announced and thus aided, furthered, and encouraged the riots that followed."

Jeffrey D. Van Schaick, of parts unknown, alerts us to a scathing criticism of the *Los Angeles Times*'s riot coverage, which appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*. The article, written by Scott Shuger, states: "In the face of all that video and the *Times*'s own extensive accounts of unprovoked assaults and widespread looting and arson, the paper did what it could do to fuzz up the issue of personal responsibility for those actions." And goes on to prove it. Mr. Van Schaick says: "On behalf of Mr. Shuger, I nominate the ***Los Angeles Times***."

Stephanie Gutmann of New York, New York, believes another garland should go to the *L.A. Times*'s East Coast evil twin:

Okay, a newspaper isn't an individual or a public figure, but don't you think the ***New York Times***'s editorial board deserves the Peter Ueberroth Gold Medal for declaring, in its lead editorial, on May 3, while the rubble in L.A. was still smouldering, that "America consigns great numbers of young black men to lawless lives"?

Patrick Mathias, who also contributed to this year's E-



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List, returns to present a couple of blue ribbons (tied in a noose) to:

> **Luke Perry**, "star of Beverly Hills, 90210," quoted in the July *Vanity Fair*: "It's symbolic; we're living in a society that's getting out of control. I don't think it's a race issue. . . . I saw white people down there screaming last night. I saw Hispanics. I saw Asians. I saw blacks. There were gays. There were straights. If nothing else, I see some beauty in what's happening. You've got people you would ordinarily never see together . . ."

> **Ronald Walters**, chairman of the political science department of Howard University, in a bylined article that appeared in a number of newspapers, including the June 23 *News Tribune* in Woodbridge, New Jersey: "The depth and power of Sister Souljah's art may make some people anxious, but her voice represents an authentic expression of sentiment among a substantial segment of black youth and black people. . . . Sister Souljah . . . has gone beyond merely rapping to use her considerable intelligence as a community organizer for productive causes in the black community . . ."

We really can't give this medal too often to our cover girl, **Maxine Waters**. As James Gidwitz of Chicago, Illinois, puts it:

> My nominee for the "Peter Ueberroth Medal" removes the notion of contest from this award. That is, of course, the Honorable *(Hello?)* Maxine Waters, local Congressperson. While her unfortunate presence on the television coverage initially added a welcome counterpoint of comedy to the mayhem and looting, she quickly became a nauseating apologist for criminal behavior and demanded that new federal subsidies be created to somehow reward it. This must have been a blow to her many law-abiding constituents—especially those of Korean descent whom she unilaterally disenfranchised.

Buzz Brockway of Lawrenceville, Georgia, slings a wreath at:

> **Clark-Atlanta University**, whose students felt such compassion for Rodney King that they looted Macy's and lots of liquor stores.

And Mr. Brockway bids farwell to police chief **Daryl Gates**, who is handed a Uebie "for being a spineless wonder and allowing the riots to simmer unchecked for days."

Lastly, Steven Segers of Victorville, California, would present our coveted prize to the whole and entire city of "Lost" Angeles:

> From the first images of watching the police run from dangerous criminals because they weren't allowed to use the necessary force to control the situation, to the subsequent scenes of police treating looters with a how-may-I-help-you-service-with-a-smile mentality, Los Angeles is a typical example of liberalism run amok: soft on crime, hard on the police, and blame it all on Ronald Reagan.

# MISCELLANEOUS NEW ENEMIES LIST HOUSEKEEPING ITEMS

We take this opportunity to give our special thanks to the following "Friends of the Enemies List":

To Henry Beard and Chris Cerf, for their hilarious (and painstakingly documented) compendium, *The Official Politically Correct Dictionary and Handbook*, the footnotes to which are a whole New Enemies List in themselves. *TOPCDH* is available in a handsome paperback edition from Villard Books, a division of Random House, and is priced so as to be affordable to the oppressed. Read it and weep tears of simultaneous laughter and rage in a non-hieretical modality of deconstructivist post-modernism.

To the NRA, which published an excellent article about the L.A. riots in the July issues of both its *American Hunter* and *American Rifleman* magazines. The eye- (and peep sight–) witness account was written by James Jay Baker and appropriately titled, "Second Amendment Message in Los Angeles." As we NRA members like to say, "Join or die."

To Betty Friedan, for putting the McCarthy Era ur-Enemies List into perspective. She was interviewed by *People* magazine at a party celebrating the new HBO movie *Citizen Cohn*, which is about Tailgunner Joe's old pal Roy Cohn. Betty says the movie "will teach a whole generation about one of the most evil men who ever lived." Stand aside, Hitler and Pol Pot.

And extra special thanks to Woody Allen—just in case there was anybody out there who still believed in psychoanalysis or thought East Coast intellectuals weren't living piles of slime.

Well, so long for now. We'll see all of you, we trust, next year, same time, same place. Until then, we'll leave you with this edifying tale from the October 11, 1991, *Boston Herald*:

> The night of May 13, 1984, David Freeman, a Duxbury firefighter, crept into the room where his wife was sleeping and beat her so severely with a club that her injuries are lifelong.
>
> Concern over Freeman's mental stability prompted the Board of Selectmen to remove him from his job.
>
> Last month, the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination—noting Freeman was found innocent of assault by reason of temporary insanity—cited the town for "handicap discrimination."
>
> The MCAD restored the 52-year-old Freeman to his job and awarded him $200,000 for back pay and emotional distress plus 12 percent interest. ❐



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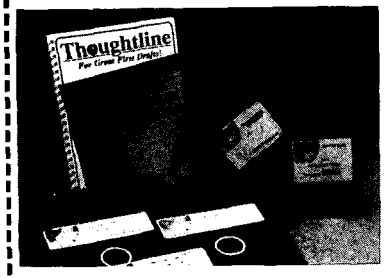


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# Clinton's Funny-Number Factory

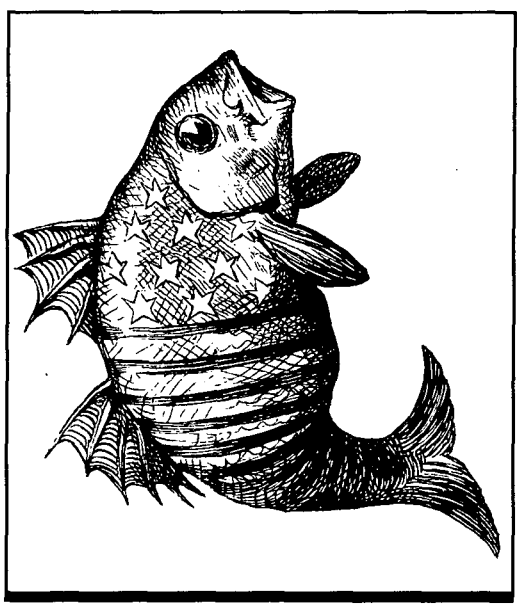
*by Edward McFadden*

In the Fall 1991 issue of the *American Prospect*, Democratic pollster Stanley Greenberg laid out what his party must to do to regain the White House. For twelve years, Greenberg wrote, the Republicans had run against the Carter presidency, "a period that embodies what was bad about Democrats and this country—weakness before our enemies, things out of control, bad economic times for average Americans." The goal for the Democrats in 1992 was to redefine the past decade: "Democrats need . . . to create an imagery of Reagan-Bush America that supersedes the Carter years and impeaches the credibility of conservative governance for middle America."

As it happens, top Democrats were already hard at work, using a sophisticated research squad fully financed by the American taxpayer. Set up in 1974, in the wake of Watergate, it is called the Congressional Budget Office. In 1987, unable to run against the economic success of the Reagan years, Democratic leaders had decided to throw "fairness" at Republican proposals. Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell asked the CBO to generate the requisite family income statistics, quietly informing allies in the CBO (according to Senate sources) that he wanted the information to reflect as badly as possible on Reaganomics. Today, thanks in large part to CBO-generated numbers, every Democrat from Bill Clinton, Al Gore, George Mitchell, and Richard Gephardt on down claims that the 1980s saw the rich get richer, the poor get poorer, and the middle class get screwed.

CBO Director Robert Reischauer oversees a staff of more than 200 and a budget of $23 million. CBO statistics and analyses are officially incorporated in just about every bill dealing with taxes, revenue expenditures, and economic plans, and the agency's influence has grown since the 1990 budget agreement, because new proposals that affect the budget deficit must now be cleared by the CBO before coming to a Senate or House vote.

The CBO director is selected and appointed by the Democratic leadership in Congress. Republicans are informed but not consulted, and there is no formal confirmation procedure. Democratic control of the CBO is such that no one in the know was surprised when the Democratic National Committee selected a former CBO staffer, Dan Carol, to direct its opposition research team for the 1992 campaign. MIT economist and top Clinton adviser Paul Krugman has used faulty CBO statistics proficiently in the past to beat Republican economic policies about the head and shoulders. Krugman could well be named Clinton's chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. Clinton is also backed by the unions funding the Center for Tax Justice, which uses CBO statistics to support its radical policy recommendations.



Rep. Dick Armey (R-Texas), who holds a Ph.D. in economics, has been waging war on the CBO for the past four years. He regularly skewers inaccurate or false CBO research and has been so successful at it that the agency no longer allows its family income data and numerical tables to be published in the Ways and Means Committee Green Book—which guides legislation on such issues as taxation, health care, education, and welfare. Secrecy is central to the CBO's operations. CBO methodologies are not available for viewing even to economists such as Armey or Sen. Phil Gramm (R-Texas), or to tax staffers on committees.

CBO obfuscation has damaged its credibility within Ways and Means. Privately, committee staffers say CBO reports and statistics are no longer considered valid or accurate. But using bad numbers to perpetuate bad policy apparently works well for Democrats. We'll see just how well in November.

The CBO's funny numbers have become the cornerstone of Bill Clinton's economic policies. "While the rich cashed in," Clinton writes, "the forgotten middle class—the people who work hard and play by the rules—took it on the chin." To buttress his statement, Clinton cites an often-quoted CBO statistic to claim that the richest 1 percent of American families received 70 percent of the income gains during the Reagan and Bush administrations. He neglects to show what even the CBO data show—that the richest 1 per-

*Edward McFadden is a reporter in Washington, D.C.*



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cent received *100 percent* of the gains during the Carter years. In other words, everybody else lost money.

When evaluating the Reagan-Bush years, the CBO often starts its analysis in 1977—four years before any Reagan economic policies could possibly have been implemented. It takes information from the Census Bureau and the Internal Revenue Service and attempts to make forward projections from the hard data. It misdefines "the family" and neglects such factors as inflation on capital income and income mobility. These methods allow the CBO to concoct the numbers the Democrats need for their class warfare.

A favorite CBO trick is to provide the Ways and Means Committee and other Democratic-controlled entities with income data that exaggerate the gains of the rich and depress those of the poor. In ranking families by income quintile, the CBO lists single persons as "families"—including graduate students on financial aid, and independent singles working part-time. It ignores most capital gains for those in the lower three-fifths of the spectrum. A home that appreciates in value is not factored in, nor are the capital gains on $3 trillion in pension funds. And, astonishingly, the CBO does not remove inflation when calculating (real inflation–adjusted) capital gains. For example, the net real gain on an investment purchased in 1977 and sold in 1991 would be exaggerated by the failure to remove inflation. But CBO includes these figures anyway in what it calls "inflation-adjusted income."

The result is an economic picture that even the CBO now admits is incomplete. In a letter to Armey, Reischauer acknowledged that taking inflation into account would allow a very different picture of the U.S. tax structure to emerge. "If the inflationary component could be [taken into account], the incomes of those near the top of the distribution would be reduced relatively more than the incomes of those in the middle and bottom of the distribution. In a given year, the distribution of the tax burden would then be seen to fall more heavily on upper-income groups than is depicted by the currently available analysis."

In the past, the agency has said it cannot get the type of information it would require to fill the voids. Armey is unimpressed. "The CBO," he says, "takes different sets of data, erroneous data, incomplete sets of data, rolls them all together, and tries to pass it off—without even a footnote of explanation—as a complete picture. What CBO is doing is perpetrating academic fraud on the American taxpayer."

The fraud is costly:

- In 1990, several congressmen pressed for changes in the acreage quota for peanut farmers which would have opened the market to smaller growers. Looking to kill the amendment, Charlie Rose (D-N.C.), a subcommittee chairman on the House Agricultural Committee, called the CBO. By the time the bill reached the House floor, Rose was able to provide the House parliamentarian with a budget-effect figure that showed the amendment would break the budget agreement. To this day the CBO cannot explain where that number came from.
- The CBO routinely withholds negative information at the request of committee chairmen. A March 1988 analysis of a minimum wage bill backed by Gus Hawkins (D-Ill.) showed that the bill would cost between 250,000 and 500,000 jobs. Hawkins refused to accept the report—so a new one was released with the job-loss data removed.
- At the behest of Senate Finance Committee chairman Lloyd Bentsen (D-Texas), CBO undertook an analysis of the effects of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's well-known bill to cut the federal payroll tax. Bentsen, looking to sink the bill, directed the CBO to withhold the study until just before the vote. His machinations worked, and thanks to CBO's assistance American workers continue to pay out several hundred dollars' worth of additional nondeductible Social Security tax a year.
- When CBO estimated costs for portions of the catastrophic care bill passed in 1989, one estimate showed that costs for some hospital programs could run as much as $5 billion. A year later, CBO released figures showing its estimates were off by as much as 100 percent.

The CBO's most serious misrepresentation came with the 1989 tax bill. The office overestimated annual capital gains income by more than $134 billion, leading to an $804 bil-


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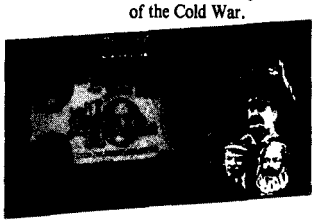

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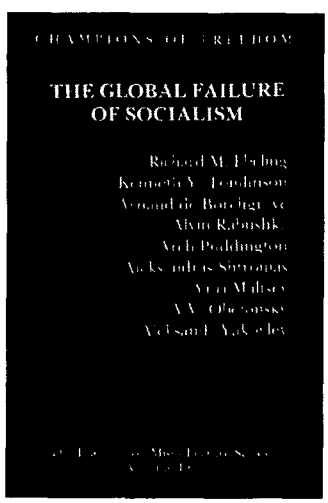


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lion error for tax years 1990-95. At the time, a capital gains tax cut amendment was gaining wide bipartisan support. To kill it, Democratic leaders first released flawed CBO data based on the wildly erroneous claim that capital gains for 1990 would be about $254 billion. IRS data for 1990 showed capital gains income was in fact only $120 billion. CBO's methodology for scoring capital gains had created a 112 percent error, which allowed the Democrats to use a non-existent $134 billion to make the capital gains tax cut look like an unfair windfall for the wealthy.

By dooming the amendment, the CBO's numbers ultimately led to the infamous 1990 budget summit, and increased the deficit by about $30 billion, since Congress had—of course—already spent the anticipated tax income. CBO staff has excused its failure to notify Congress of its $134 billion capital gains mistake by making the absurd argument that revenue estimation wouldn't have been affected significantly by a 112 percent error in the tax base. But what is most shocking is that, while its numbers contributed billions of dollars to the deficit and pushed a weakened economy closer to the brink, the CBO never informed Congress about the error used to score its members' legislation in 1989 and 1990. Only because Armey exposed the error has any of the information been placed in the public arena.

How could the CBO have made such a serious error? Gary Robbins, a former Treasury official who currently runs the economic forecasting service Fiscal Associates, has used his own methodology to make accurate projections of capital gains and other tax revenue, as well as deficits, for the past four years. Robbins says that because the CBO formula for estimating revenue is static, it can never arrive at an accurate revenue or deficit projection. "The CBO assumes that there is never any change in the value of an investment. It never assumes that a family can move from one income level to another. It simply assumes that everything remains the same," says Robbins. "It would be relatively easy for them to create the kind of dynamic forecasting system that we and others use. They simply don't want to. It isn't in their interest."

Even when the CBO gets the numbers right, it uses crooked means to warp distributional statistics. In a 1992 memorandum sent to Joint Tax Com-mittee staff, the CBO in fact acknowledged that a lower capital gains tax would lead to higher tax payments, offsetting a large part of any revenue losses. But when measuring the effects of capital gains tax cuts, the CBO chose to ignore the "revenue feedback"—the additional tax payments induced by lower tax rates. Clearly if one overstates the revenue loss by exaggerating the tax base by 112 percent, and then ignores tax payments generated by the lower tax rate, it's not too difficult to make a capital gains tax cut look grievously unfair.

The distortion is routine. As late as 1984, CBO was claiming and reporting to Congress and telling the press that the average tax payments of high-income taxpayers had fallen since the 1981 Reagan cuts—despite the fact that the CBO had IRS data showing the exact opposite: we now know that the effect of the Reagan tax cuts was to increase the payments from high-income taxpayers.

Through the Census Bureau and the IRS, better working models can be developed. People like Robbins do it every day; why can't the one agency required to provide accurate data for the budget?

What has gone unexplained is why Republicans and the Bush Administration do not fight back more vociferously against the continual misrepresentation of the economic data—why officials like OMB director Richard Darman and Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady refused to defend Bush economic proposals, many of them based on capital gains cuts.

Dick Armey, for one, says he will continue his campaign to bring the CBO under some form of accountability. Between 1987 and 1990, he says, Democrats and their CBO minions released so much inaccurate information and data that it sapped Republicans' will to combat it.

Meanwhile, the damage grows. "Every time we turned around," says one Senate tax staffer, "another story using CBO data was being published in the *New York Times* or *Washington Post*, saying the rich got richer and the poor got poorer. When people are reading stories based on 'official government data,' how do you fight that?" ❐



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# Yes, Minister

*by David Brooks*

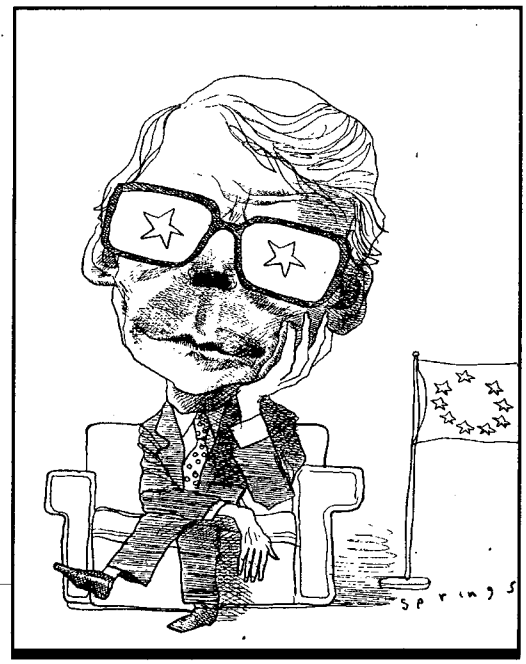
British prime minister John Major's victory over Labour challenger Neil Kinnock was a stunning upset, and shocked nearly all observers except Major himself. Yet, when victory was sure, and Major emerged from 10 Downing Street to greet his delirious supporters, he could do no better than drone on about the virtues of a national health service.

Is there anything that arouses emotion in him? Major built his career in banking, and strikes the casual observer as one who is happy only when working through a mountain of paperwork. Yet in the House of Commons years back, when he was chancellor of the exchequer and *She* was prime minister, he could occasionally be seen during debates with head tilted back and a beatific smile on his face. It was the smile of a man who, after a hard climb up the ladder, discovers that . . . yes, it really is fun to have power. John Major, who dropped out of high school and failed the exam to become a bus conductor, is an establishmentarian, and a happy one.

Major entered the Commons in 1979, the year Margaret Thatcher became prime minister, along with a distinguished crop of young MPs. Its most promising members—mostly Oxbridge graduates who had known each other since school days—formed a dining club called the Blue Chips, so named because each of them was a potential prime minister. John Major was not asked to join. Among the group's leaders were Tristan Garel Jones, now Major's European affairs minister; John Patten, now Major's education minister; William Waldegrave, who oversees Major's pet project, the Social Charter; and Chris Patten, who was made governor of Hong Kong after managing Major's recent campaign.

The Blue Chips were not Thatcherites but "wets," thoroughgoing moderates. They believed in fiscal prudence but disdained Mrs. Thatcher's confrontationalism and her radical streak. Coming from a higher class than she, they saw less of a need to shake things up. (Had Richard Darman been British, he would have been a good Blue Chip.) In the short run, Major's isolation from them served him well: while the Blue Chips waged a wet counterrevolution against Thatcherism, Major was consolidating his position as a junior minister. Only when he had made something of himself, in 1985, was he admitted to the Blue Chips.

Now he surrounds himself with Blue Chips and embodies many of their habits. In important ways he is their superior: he shares none of their superciliousness and is allergic to snobbery. But Major is an establishment conservative to the core, one who believes in a government of "the best men." He believes government can perform a wide range of duties if managed well. At the same time, he has no use for intellectuals or for philosophic principles which in today's argot are known as "ideologies."



Yet he is not George Bush, with the attention span of a cartoon character and a domestic policy record all over the map. Major is extraordinarily stubborn, in many ways more unyielding than Mrs. Thatcher was, once he has made up his mind. For example, he seems to be the first British prime minister viscerally to hate inflation. It was only under intense pressure that he gave in and devalued the pound when European currencies went berserk in September.

Major also believes in controlling government spending. To the crucial cost-containment posts in his cabinet he has appointed not Blue Chips but the true Thatcherites who dominate the parliamentary Class of 1983. Members of the hard-line No Turning Back group, these include Michael Portillo, who manages Major's budget; and Peter Lilly, in charge of restraining social security spending. If God loves Britain, Michael Portillo will one day be prime minister.

But Major's lack of true Thatcherite principle is evident. Not too long ago, he was asked by *Time* magazine what he would like to achieve as prime minister, a simple question that should have called forth his highest ideals. This is his complete answer:

*David Brooks is deputy editorial page editor at the* Wall Street Journal Europe.



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> I want to enhance Britain's position as a nation that is at the heart of Europe, in the center of the G-7 process, maintaining its important links to the Atlantic alliance and becoming, to a greater extent than it has perhaps been in some years in the past, the leader of the Commonwealth and again being seen as such. I see Britain as a much more outward-going influence that could be benevolent, and I want to see it exercised.

Not a word about *why* Britain should play a role in world affairs, or about what it could achieve. Major just wants to be part of the process, to sit in well-lit rooms with other successful men and manage the world. Indeed, his most recent foreign policy initiative is a proposal for streamlining the G-7 summits.

Major is good at summits. At Maastricht, where European leaders hammered out the malevolent treaty of the same name, Major made Kohl look like a hapless uncle and Mitterrand a doddering old man. He won those talks, securing Britain the right to opt out of costly EC social provisions. But when the Danes rejected Maastricht and gave Major the chance to deep-six the whole treaty, which had been Britain's wish going in, he instead became the champion of its rescue. A London *Times* editorial titled "Mr. Major Goes Native" expressed the common view that Major was so in love with his amendments to a bad treaty that he wanted to save the whole thing in order to preserve them.

Closer to the truth is that, had Major moved to kill the treaty, it would have upset the other members of the board of directors. It would have soured the working relationship between EC leaders and diminished Britain's influence—as Major defines influence. Major, who felt he had made a personal commitment to the other leaders, is punctilious on points of honor.

After the Danish vote, more than a hundred Tory MPs announced they would oppose the treaty. Major and his whips unleashed a lobbying campaign the likes of which Parliament has not seen in years. Mrs. Thatcher, after all, was a softie, not good at firing those in her party who didn't have her best interests at heart. Major is tougher, and holds oddballs and outside critics in low regard. He managed to have a maverick committee chairman deposed, and to intimidate a number of rebellious MPs.

We've developed a distrust of establishments over the last few decades, but if anyone can make establishmentarianism work it will be John Major. Moreover, he might be just right for Britain's current role, for Britain is now a nation that often finds its fate in the hands of others. The Germans run its monetary policy. The EC sets its tax parameters. Its officials occupy their time with European initiatives. And if the prime minister's role is to play within the EC process, then Major, in his dullness, may be the right man for the job.

If the British start taking their marching orders from Brussels, after all, there will be no need for a prime minister who is often ebullient and overjoyed. ❐

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# Requiem for an Army Wife

*by Benjamin J. Stein*

*Friday*

Ring, ring, ring. At about ten to eight, as I was sleeping, listening to the wonderful sound of my boy laughing in my dreams, I was awakened by the telephone. I couldn't get up before the machine answered it, so I went back to sleep. I figured it was probably Citicorp calling about my car lease bill, so why bother racing upstairs for the call?

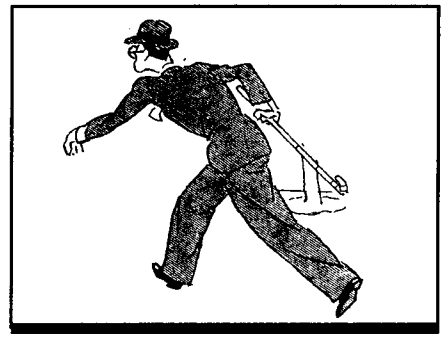
I was wrong. When I checked my messages, the first one was from my father-in-law, calling to say that my mother-in-law, Norma Jean Denman Warmack, originally of Idabel, Oklahoma, and more recently of Heber Springs, Arkansas, had died that morning in her sleep. I called Col. Denman back. He said that he did not know exactly what she had died of. She had suffered excruciating pain for years from osteoarthritis, and now she was gone. "Maybe she was just worn out," Col. Denman said.

It fell to me to call my erstwhile wife's housekeeper, have her awaken Alex, and then tell her the news. When I told her, she cried. "But I didn't even get to say good-bye," she said. "I was going to see her next week, and now I can't ever say good-bye."

Frantic calls to Zuma Travel, frantic packing, frantic instructions to my assistant, and then we were off on American Airlines to Little Rock via Dallas. We didn't have time to use our fabulous AAdvantage Miles to get into First Class, so we were all three in coach. Every seat was filled, mostly with people in bad moods. Alex sat next to me, occasionally crying, mostly struggling with Tommy, whom we had brought along just to show us that there is continuity in life. He read a book about sharks and then fell asleep.

If you don't think that this is a class system, try flying coach some sweet day. Then try flying First Class. Then coach again. Try asking a flight attendant in coach for something like a glass of orange juice. Try to survive her basilisk stare. In coach. Then ask for vintage champagne in First. Try to survive her overwhelming smile.

In Little Rock, it was dark. The airport was packed. The air was damp with the kind of humidity we do not know in glorious Los Angeles. A driver of a van hired in Heber Springs drove us through the Arkansas night to Heber, through empty streets. By the time we got to Eden Isle, a glamorous residential



community on a large lake forty miles north of Little Rock, it was midnight. Col. Denman was asleep in bed at the house of his friends.

Alex and I let him sleep. We went to his condo and looked at the room where Mrs. Denman had died that morning. Alex started to read prayers that her mother had kept near her invalid bed. Then she started to look at her mother's jewelry, and at her poems from Pi Phi, her sorority at Stevens College before the end of World War II. I read some of the mountain of citations and memorials that Col. Denman had won. Silver Star near Zeitlin, Germany. Bronze Star, Vietnam. Distinguished Service Cross. Photos of Fort Bliss, El Paso, Leavenworth, Ansbach, Frankfurt, Alexandria, Arlington, Saigon.

*Army wives, army wives, hurrah for the Army wives* . . . Where would we be without them, wives who tend the hearth and raise the kids while the husbands are off fighting in Germany and Vietnam? When Col. Denman had to lie low in a marsh in Vietnam, trying to ambush some Vietcong who never came by, at least he had company. Mrs. Denman and Alex and her sister Dale had to hear that their father's quarters in Saigon had been blown up by sappers in 1964, and they had to stay up all night in terror all by themselves.

*Saturday*

All day long, friends and neighbors came to offer condolences to Col. Denman in his little living room. A doctor who had attended the late Mrs. Denman's arthritis. A neighbor who brought chicken. Another neighbor, also a doctor, with hilarious tales about a small town Southern medical practice. The preacher, likewise an Army brat, with stories of his own father's life in Army blue.

The father and my erstwhile wife talked about how Mrs. Denman would have wanted the ceremony to go. They tried to recall her favorite hymns and psalms. "Perhaps 'The Old Rugged Cross,' " I suggested helpfully.

"Exactly," Alex said. "That was one of Mother's favorites."

"And perhaps 'Rock of Ages,' " I added.

*Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.*



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"Yes," Alex said. "Trust Ben to remember everything."

"What was that Psalm that Mother read when I was in Vietnam?" Col. Denman asked in his plaintive, widower's voice. "About protecting us."

"Perhaps Psalm 91," I offered. "One of my own favorites."

The minister looked at the list thoughtfully. Of all the people in the living room, guess who was the only one crying. That's right. Little me. "Ben should be a professional mourner," Alex suggested. Ha ha ha.

"Maybe you should talk about the time Mother arranged for all of the families in the battalion to be evacuated to Marseilles in 1956 when we thought we were going to war during the Hungarian uprising."

The minister made more notes. I went into the kitchen looking for orange juice. There wasn't any, but there was Tang. It was at least fifteen years old. It reminded me of how Mrs. Denman used to serve it and tell me that it was what the astronauts drank.

Later in the afternoon, I took Mr. Perfect to the swimming pool at Eden Isle. There were two middle-aged women there, teachers from Memphis, and they loved my boy. They played with him in the pool while I read proofs of my latest book. A family with beautiful children came and played with Tommy. A beautiful manicurist came and played with Tommy. He jumped on them and did cannonballs, and they all loved him.

I've been taking Tommy to the Malibu Riding and Tennis Club for two years now, twice a week, and no one ever plays with him there except me.

In the evening, we had barbecue and talked about the passage of time. This is the most amazing thing of all: time, which is a solid wall of fact, concrete at the moment, passes and is gone forever. People who seem to be part of the very fabric of earth die, and only memories are left. This happens to us. God help us, poor creatures who have to live in real life, where time passes.

Outside, on the golf course next to Col. Denman's condo, cicadas electrified the night. I called home and got a message that a stooge of the Milken army was going to write something mean about me in his little magazine. What a waste of time for both of us.

*Monday*

No need to guess who gave the eulogy at Mrs. Denman's memorial service at the First Presbyterian Church of Heber Springs, which is set in a lovely grove of pines. It wasn't easy. I was crying like a faucet stuck on open. The only way I could bear to speak was to keep reminding myself that I was an actor, someone who could *act* as if he weren't crying.

My speech was a tear-jerker, though. About how Mrs. Denman used to look so happy when she took a trick at bridge—she was a killer at the game. About how she loved her catalogues. About how she taught her daughters to be proud of being Army girls.

I stood in the receiving line and about 200 incredibly polite men and women, mostly retired, passed through and told me how much they were moved by my talk. The amazing thing is that not one of them looked crazy. How can that be, when every person you see on the street in Beverly Hills looks just the opposite?

Back to the Little Rock Airport, for a flight to Washington. Again, friendly, kind-looking men and women and children. As I admired their regular features, even smiles, and open faces, a family of ratty-looking people with warped, ratty features walked by. I recognized the wife from Hollywood. Her husband is a foreign film director. Of course. The only horrible-looking people at the airport, and they had to be from L.A.

Good-bye, Mrs. Denman. At least you got to spend your life among people who were kind. Among people like you.

*Wednesday*

It's raining in Washington, D.C. It's mid-August and actually cold. It's especially cold here at the Chapel at Fort Myer, Virginia, right next to Arlington National Cemetery. It's sad, too, because this is the exact same spot where Alex and I were married twenty-four years ago, and now we're here for a service for Mrs. Denman, who will be interred next door.

We waited in a small waiting room off the chapel. It's the exact same room where, on June 23, 1968, my ushers and best man waited before my wedding. Oh, yes. I was thin, then. Duncan Kennedy was an usher. So were various pals from childhood. My brother-in-law


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was best man. We were so young. I was 23, and very nervous indeed. Alex came down the aisle looking so beautiful in her white gown that I thought I would pass out. Mrs. Denman looked nice, too, as Linda Fairstein, celebrity D.A., escorted her to her seat. Col. Denman, in his dress whites, looked also great. Then we had a big party and Alex and I went for our honeymoon in Rehoboth Beach, which used to be a lot nicer than it is now.

That was then. This is a funeral. This is now. We're not going to any parties at the Bethesda Naval Hospital Officers' Club. No usher or best man is going to be waiting to tie tin cans to my car. No bridesmaids with cleavage will be flirting with the ushers. This is not the beginning of anything for the living except a long period of missing a mother, a wife, a mother-in-law, a friend.

*Monday*

Back to New York, to the studios of Comedy Central in the HBO Building on East 23rd. This is my big night for comedy convention coverage. I get to react to Pat Buchanan's and Ronald Reagan's speeches. I love Pat, and he's been a pal, but he's easy to make fun of. For the life of me, I don't get why he's always making fun of lesbians, though. What is so funny about being a lesbian, after all?

I also liked Reagan's speech. There's something endearing about the guy. Superstar quality. When I watch him, I just get the feeling that everything will turn out all right in the end. Never mind the homeless covering the sidewalk outside the studio. Never mind the twenty-five murders per weekend in Los Angeles. Never mind the inability of young Americans to read and write, not to mention add and subtract. No, forget all of that. Reagan makes me think everything's going to be all right.

I got back to my hotel and there was a fax waiting for me from my assistant. More angry words from defenders of Milken. They all seem to think I have a personal grudge against the guy. That's not even close. I hardly even see him as an individual, although of course he is. I think of him as the objective correlative of a number of distasteful social and historical currents. He's hardly a human being at all, but rather a force of the tides of history and sociology and political science. More



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than that, almost a force of nature. He's fascinating, but I certainly don't hate him, any more than I would hate a typhoon.

*Wednesday*

Boo-hoo-hoo. My last night at Comedy Central I said my few funny lines, made up a rap about Bush, and sang it:

*Yo, Bush, funky white President man,*
*Have you done the best you can,*
*To help the people in the street,*
*Without houses like yours so neat,*
*Have you helped our kids today,*
*Or have you looked the other way,*
*While we are starvin' and dyin',*
*And you're in Abe Lincoln's bed, lyin'?*
*Or have you looked far out to sea,*
*So our sufferin' you wouldn't see,*
*And thought about your sons so fly,*
*While we pine and suffer and die?*
*Give us a thought every once in a while,*
*My chile is your chile, no man is an isle.*

My host, a genius of humor, Al Franken, looked on in frank amazement, and so do I even as I remember it.

I also made up a rap directed to Al when he made cruel fun of my idol, Richard Nixon, repeating the wicked canard that Nixon used to walk on the beach at San Clemente in wing-tips:

*Yo, Al Franken, funky New York Comedy man,*
*How much do you even know about Malibu sand?*
*How can you dare to diss my Milhous man about his shoes,*
*When just hearin' it give me serious blues?*
*Funky Al Franken, delicatessen lovin' man,*
*I happen to live above Malibu sand.*
*I can tell you this for sure,*
*That on my wonderful Zuma shore,*
*The deffest folks wear wing-tip boards.*
*And don't wanna hear your East Coast snores,*
*'Bout my long-lasting Nixon man,*
*Of whom I am a righteous fan.*

*Monday*

Back home at last, Tommy and I are kicking a huge beach ball at each other. The weather is perfect, and he's in ecstasy at how often he can kick it by me. Sometimes though, he kicks it up into the bushes. "I can't reach that yet, Daddy," he says. "You have to get it for me."

Inside, we tossed around a midget football. Sometimes it went under the table and he crawled for it, and sometimes it went on top of the filing cabinet and I reached for it. "That's how we'll do it, Daddy," he said. "You'll reach for the high stuff and I'll get the low stuff, 'cause you're big and fat and I'm little and thin."

"I'm not that fat," I said.

"Yes, you are, Daddy," he said.

Sometimes, in fact about every two minutes when I'm with him, I have to pick him up and kiss him for a minute or two. "No more kissing," he says. "No more kissing, please."

"I'm sorry," I tell him, "but I can't help it. Anyway, it's my job. That's why I'm called Daddy." ❐


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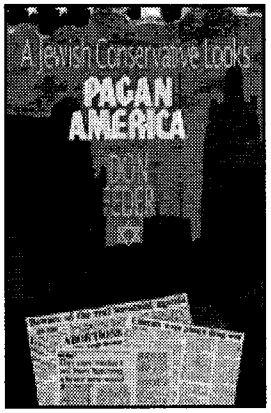


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# *Newsweek* Acts Up

*by Terry Eastland*

I suppose it was inevitable in a presidential campaign year focused more than any before upon matters involving homosexuality that one of the major newsweeklies would devote major space to the subject. No less inevitably, *Newsweek*'s eight-page cover story of September 14, "Gays Under Fire," was a thoroughly botched and biased job.

For starters, take the basic premise: that "gay America's struggle for acceptance" has netted "modest gains" but provoked "a powerful backlash" (no sting left in that cliché) in the form of "a well-coordinated counteroffensive by the religious right." Throughout, that "struggle for acceptance" was sanitized by *Newsweek*, with no mention of ACT-UP or Queer Nation or any other of the gay extremist groups. Nor was there any reference to the new reading material finding its way into public elementary schools, such as *Daddy's Roommate* and *Heather Has Two Mommies*, which teach the moral acceptability of gay living. One would think that parents who hold opposing views might themselves be said to feel "under fire," but *Newsweek* did not present their testimony. Why complicate the story line?

*Newsweek* spoke of "gay-bashing," a term not only left undefined but also used so indiscriminately as to suggest that anyone disapproving of homosexuality is guilty of it. (Most in the news media would concur: on a recent "Good Morning America," Vice President Dan Quayle found himself denying that it was "gay bashing" to say homosexual lifestyles are wrong. He was later singled out in a *New York Times* headline for a related bit of incorrectness: "Quayle Contends Homosexuality Is a Matter of Choice, Not Biology.") In any event, from the examples *Newsweek* provided, it would seem that only the religious right has a problem with homosexuality. Yet a poll commissioned by the magazine belied that notion: while 78 percent said homosexuals should have "equal rights in job opportunities," 58 percent disapproved of "legally sanctioned gay marriages," and 53 percent said homosexuality is not "an acceptable alternative lifestyle." (Ever the organ of progress, *Newsweek* commented: "Fifty-three percent *still* don't consider homosexuality 'acceptable' behavior." Emphasis mine.)

Playing the historian, *Newsweek* said "it's possible to trace the right wing's anti-gay campaign to a bullwhip" that was "photographed hanging from the late Robert Mapplethorpe's derriere [sic] and featured in his 1989 retrospective partially funded by the National Endowment of the Arts." Swallowing the gay activist line, the magazine advised that the bullwhip came at "an opportune moment for the religious right," because "the Berlin wall and the contras had fallen." In other words, in desperate need of new targets to fuel its paranoia, the right turned to putting gays in their place. A serious treatment of the subject would have examined the different understandings of moral authority at issue in this debate.

*Newsweek* did pause to say where the religious right—simplistically equated with Protestant fundamentalism—got its "anti-gay animus": the Bible. The magazine's exegesis of an unnamed passage from Corinthians (I Corinthians 6: 9-11, evidently) consisted of a single, banal sentence: "Corinthians promises that homosexuals (along with fornicators, idolaters, adulterers and thieves) shall never inherit the kingdom of God." Readers weren't informed that Protestant fundamentalist churches are hardly alone in their negative views of homosexuality. Or that, as the *New York Times*'s religion writer Peter Steinfels recently reported, there's plenty of debate over the issue in mainstream Protestant and Catholic precincts. *Newsweek* evidently didn't even bother to consult its own religion editor, Kenneth Woodward, who could have alerted its writers to what America's churches and synagogues teach about homosexuality. Such reporting might even have allowed the magazine to understand its own poll, wherein support for equal job rights did not translate into approval of homosexual "lifestyles."

*Terry Eastland is the author, most recently, of* Energy in the Executive: The Case for the Strong Presidency *(The Free Press).*



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By scanting the role of religion, *Newsweek* essentially missed the story: namely, that attitudes on homosexuality are more often than not a function of religious belief. But it's so much easier to abhor the "religious right." The magazine reported several examples of violence—youths throwing rocks at an AIDS victim; a gang of ten thugs severely beating a gay man—always with the implication that the religious right supports such acts. Although anti-gay violence has been roundly condemned by religious leaders on the right, *Newsweek* included none of this abundant testimony. Again, why complicate the story line?

Public policy issues were treated just as tendentiously. "Gays Under Fire" reported, for example (and wrongly, as it turned out), that "California Gov. Pete Wilson, under pressure from the fundamentalist wing of the state Republican party, is expected to veto an anti-gay-discrimination bill for the second time in a year." Again, it's those reactionary fundamentalists—but wait: *Newsweek* did not report that the bill would impose penalties even against churches that in their employment decisions discriminate on the basis of "sexual orientation." Might there not be a legitimate constitutional question here about free exercise of religion?

Likewise *Newsweek*'s treatment of "domestic partnership laws." Here the magazine did mention some of the practical matters at stake, such as health benefits and inheritance rights. But it failed to discuss why the law historically has extended legal and economic advantages to heterosexual marriage and denied them to unmarried heterosexual couples, homosexual couples, and even long-term platonic roommates. Without knowing the reason for this age-old law—to encourage both the economic independence and interdependence of the traditional family unit, presumed to be vital to the transmission of civilization—readers will have no idea why there should be any deep-seated opposition at all to legal sanctioning of homosexual marriage.

*Newsweek* also skimmed over a major point of contention concerning federal civil rights law. Is discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation akin to discrimination on the basis of race, creed, color, national origin, sex, and disability? Conservatives argue that if equal employment opportunity laws were to be amended to include sexual orientation, it would create yet another victim group demanding quotas for itself. Gay activists say they want equal treatment, not special treatment. *Newsweek* conveyed this much, but like others covering this issue didn't go far enough. In the current affirmative action climate, as employers become increasingly vulnerable to disparate-impact lawsuits from women and minority workers, there would be nothing to stop gay plaintiffs from acting similarly and charging employment discrimination if they felt their protected group was "underrepresented."

In depicting gays as aggrieved victims, *Newsweek* was merely following the journalistic norm. In July, for instance, the *Washington Post* reported on a Vatican statement on homosexuality recently sent to U.S. Catholic bishops. The *Post*'s account began: "The Vatican has declared its support for discrimination against gay people in such areas as public housing, family health benefits and the hiring of teachers, coaches, and military personnel." The Vatican's actual terms were quoted two paragraphs later: "There are areas in which it is not unjust discrimination to take sexual orientation into account, for example, in the consignment of children to adoption or foster care, in employment of teachers or coaches, and in military recruitment." In short, in the *Post*'s thinking, the words "is not unjust discrimination" are synonymous with support for discrimination—which makes sense if the only conceivable interpretation is that the Vatican victimizes gays.

The *Post* ran an unforgettable headline the day after the Republican convention: "Voters Decry GOP 'Gay-Bashing.'" The subhead read: "Rhetoric Seen as Desperate, Ugly—but Maybe Effective." Voters decry it but think it's effective? Clearly, *some* voters decried it and thought it would be effective with *other* voters. A small point, perhaps, but why can't headline writers be more coherent? Probably because they're reflecting their paper's editorial views. ❐

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# Lessons in Liberty

*by Cathy Young*

One year after a gang of hardliners botched their coup and the Soviet empire dissolved into protoplasm, the jailed plotters busy themselves composing verses, memoirs, and op-ed commentary, and are often quoted in the still-kicking *Pravda*. Just as there are governments in exile, suggests *Novoye Vremya* editor Alexander Pumpyansky, these men are acting like a "government in prison." Gorbachev's hapless prime minister Nikolai Ryzhkov (whose official employment record, *Novoye Vremya* reveals, bears a unique entry: "Resigned in connection with changes in the Constitution of the USSR") has also published a memoir, *Perestroika: A History of Betrayals*, a book said to be selling briskly.

The once-almighty Communist Party of the Soviet Union is defending its record in a Moscow court; what public interest there is in the case, notes Kronid Lubarsky in *Novoye Vremya*, resembles the public's morbid fascination with the trial of the "Rostov maniac" Andrei Chikatilo, the serial killer/rapist/cannibal. Moscow newspapers advertise auctions of state properties slated for privatization (bidding for a donut shop in Moscow starts at 1.2 million rubles, or about $5,300). A cartoon in the generally pro-capitalist *Izvestia* shows two bloated *biznesmeni* toasting each other as they sit on tall bar stools from which chickens, sausages, and vodka bottles are suspended, while befuddled ordinary citizens scramble along the floor to get at these goodies.

In the August 18 *Independent Gazette*, several Moscow intellectuals ponder the question, "What did the new revolution give our country?" Valeria Novodvorskaya, the impetuous leader of the Democratic Union once known for her ritual public immolations of portraits of Lenin and Gorbachev, hasn't mellowed out: she finds the new régime corrupt, mendacious, and guilty of "the overthrow of the democratic government of Georgia" (oh, *please*!), and is "impatiently waiting for a third revolution." Animated feature director Yuri Norshtein probably speaks for the majority: "I've had it up to here with revolutions; I want a normal, quiet life." Mikhail Roshchin, playwright: "We remain serfs of the state, of its structures, its vacillations and whims." Marietta Chudakova, literary critic: "Freedom does not distribute rations; it is merely a precondition for a life of dignity. . . . Only fools and cynics who cannot see beyond their immediate self-interest continue to assure the world that it was all in vain."

The weekly *Argumenty i Fakty* posed a similar question to the man in the street. Only one of the half-dozen respondents, 41-year-old factory worker R. Zainulin, lamented "the disintegration of a great state." The most optimistic, curiously, were the oldest, such as V. Gudkov, a 50-year-old locksmith: "What we have is freedom. Freedom of speech, for instance. True, we're as poor as we always were. But that summer, when we learned about [the coup], my wife and I were scared that for the rest of our lives, we'd be disenfranchised people, dependent on the government." Less cheerful was V. Slavina, a 36-year-old clerk: "In the past, we used to live in fear, afraid to say a word and getting kopecks for our work. Today, it's shout whatever you want and no one listens."

A more scientific and very comprehensive poll, though conducted back in April, was reported in the *Independent Gazette* on August 8. Asked about their personal situation, 13 percent said that things were "good"; 63 percent, "fair"; 15 percent, "bad"; 3 percent, "intolerable." The country's condition was viewed as more dire: 33 percent rated it as near-critical, 60 percent as critical or catastrophic, and only 3 percent as normal.

All but 11 percent said they had been strongly (56 percent) or somewhat (33 percent) affected by the changes. Twenty-three percent thought life had become "fuller and more interesting," and 22 percent said that they had been able to improve their and their families' economic situation. Twenty-three percent also felt that they had managed to "get rid of the constant feeling of dependence on the bosses." As for specific benefits, 32 percent (mostly outside Moscow and St. Petersburg, presumably) had received a plot of land enabling them to feed themselves and their families. Eight percent had been able to "become entrepreneurs, invest money, and receive profits," while 10 percent—whether or not they overlap with the preceding eight is unclear—had become "property owners, shareholders, or partners in a cooperative." Not quite the picture of passive, fatalistic Russians we keep hearing about.

Respondents were also asked about their attitudes toward the Yeltsin government. Overall, just 15 percent expressed support for the current government, while 27 percent condemned its policies as "damaging to Russia's interests" and 58 percent were undecided. On economic reforms, both the positives (at 30 percent) and the negatives (at 43 percent) were higher, with 27 percent undecided. As for specific measures, military cutbacks were favored by 62 percent with 15 percent opposed; encouragement of entrepreneurship, by 54-23 percent; privatization of state properties, by 47-23 percent; privatization of housing, by 46-

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24 percent. Cons outweighed pros, I am delighted to report, only on the question of higher taxes: 50 percent opposed, 23 percent in favor.

On the basis of these numbers, sociologists concluded that the solid base of support for the Yeltsin government amounted to just over 10 percent of the population, while the hard-core opposition was around 21 percent. Not very comforting, it would seem, though we are told that Yeltsin supporters are a more "active," "dynamic," and "energetic" segment of the population.

Coup anniversary commentary was quite varied, proving that reports of the death of dissension in the mainstream media have been greatly exaggerated. In the "hope betrayed" category, former dissident Yulia Vishnevskaya, now living in Munich, points out in a polemic ominously titled "Restoration" (*Independent Gazette*, August 18) that the new democratic state has been awfully slow in getting rid of such Communist mainstays as residency registration, the "ethnicity" category in identity documents, and even the criminal code article under which "escape across the border" (even to the newly independent former republics? the writer sarcastically wonders) is punishable by death. Her other arguments are rather specious: thus, she singles out as an example of undemocratic practice the fact that the number-two man in the Russian government is not the elected vice-president but secretary of state Gennadi Burbulis. And what is one to make of Vishnevskaya's sky-is-falling conclusion, "There are signs that the same system of power that existed in the USSR prior to 1985 is being reborn—the very same totalitarian régime, only in governmental rather than party structures"? A skeptic might say that the publication of her article in a major newspaper weakens her case. Then again, one can always fall back on the "repressive tolerance" explanation.

For more evidence that the post-Soviet press has not rolled over, there is the interview with Burbulis in *Argumenty i Fakty* (August 20). The questions journalists Natalia Zhelnorova and Vladislav Starkov fling at Yeltsin's powerful aide would make a Sam Donaldson blush. Repeatedly they needle him about his fancy Kremlin digs ("Looks like Communist-style shenanigans"). They jump all over his latest privatization plans ("It's window-dressing, not privatization"). When Burbulis testily replies that it's foolish to think the Russian economy could be privatized "overnight," they fire back, "Who's talking about overnight? It's been a year and nothing has been done!"

Burbulis's pronouncement that "a plan of action can be good only if it dovetails with real-life conditions and if there are people capable of carrying it out" is greeted with another volley: "This is straight out of Lenin. You're saying the obvious as if it were revelation." An editorial note reports that Burbulis "wasn't happy with all [the] questions" (really!), but put up with them patiently and took no phone calls during the interview. Which is not to say that the interviewers were able to pin him down on any specifics of the reform program—but, hey, welcome to politics.

The advent of politics as usual, Kronid Lubarsky argues in *Novoye Vremya* (No. 34, August 1992), is an indication of social health. "Consumed with daily cares, the pessimists fail to see the most important thing: for the first time in the past 75 years, we are beginning to live in a normal society"—one in which people's lives are to a large extent shaped by their own choices, not by the state.

The profound gratitude many Russians felt toward Gorbachev early on, says Lubarsky, was also a symptom of an "abnormal" society where people saw themselves as wards of the state: "Reminders that we 'owed' our freedom to somebody elicited no internal resistance." That no such worshipful gratitude is directed at Yeltsin is healthy: the Russian president is perceived simply as a public servant fulfilling his obligations. Even the waning of rallies and strikes is "not a sign of social fatigue but of social maturity": there are other forms of political action, and people are overcoming the "gimme" syndrome.

So fares Russia at the start of Year II of Liberty, as the French of 200 years ago—who had a more grandiose vision of their enterprise, striving as they were to build a perfect society, not rebuild a normal one—would have called it. ❐


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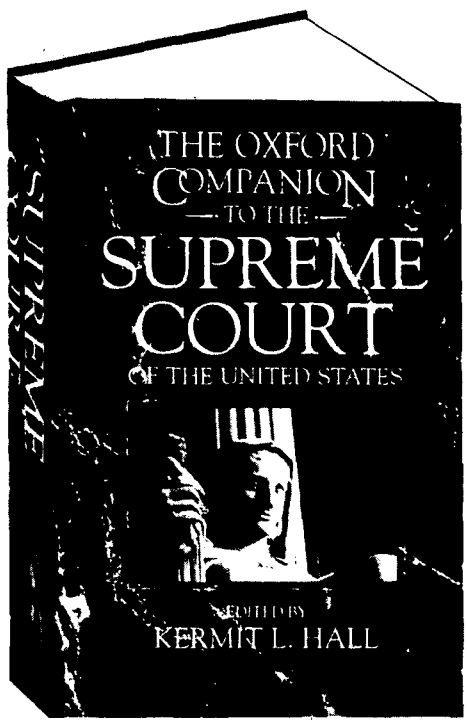


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# A New York Couple

*by Richard Brookhiser*

A drink in the lounge of the Algonquin Hotel was the setup for the best birthday present I ever got my wife.

I am terrible at presents, especially birthday presents. Christmas comes the same day every year, that I can plan for. But the effort of remembering any birthday except my own, combined with the burden of picking an appropriate present, makes the birthdays of my loved ones botched and dreaded occasions. I have forgotten my wife's altogether. Other years, remembering at the last minute, I've grabbed presents that were cheesy or drab. One year I repeated the gift I'd gotten her the last Christmas. My wife, if she chose, could ponder a long ledger of my failings.

The bright shining mark in the credit column was the year I took her for an evening drink at the Algonquin. My wife was tired from work; so far that day, there had been no present, not even a card, so she was cranky, too. I said, as if to humor her, "Let's go out for a drink." She demurred; I insisted. Reluctantly, she allowed herself to be persuaded. We took a cab to 44th Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, and settled in for a drink. In time, her mood improved to the point where she might have admitted that I wasn't such a bad catch after all. "Wouldn't it be fun to stay here some night?" I offered. She agreed. Whereupon, I played my lifetime ace of trumps, by tossing a room key on the table before her. In the room to which the key belonged, I had pre-positioned a dozen roses, a box of chocolates, and a bottle of champagne. I'd even remembered her hairdryer. The hairdryer was to show the maid, if she was curious, that we were really married. Mistresses only get frills. Wives need the basics, too.

The reason I picked the Algonquin for my venue is that it's one of the few hotels in New York, or anywhere, with a lounge attractive enough to have served as bait.

They recently finished renovating the Algonquin. The Blue Bar, a little nook that used to be on your right as you walked in the front door, has been moved and enlarged. The old Blue Bar was small, snug, dark, perfect for the kind of intimate drinking that fuels male camaraderie and pick-ups. There you could bare your soul or pat a woman's knee. For general conversation or romancing with a dash of gentility, you went to the lounge, which looks untouched. If you're the kind of person who's always being blackballed, it is the next best thing to a club. Dark wood trim makes the high-ceilinged room cozy; so do the columns, more numerous than seem structurally necessary, which split the space into pools of privacy. Some of the chairs have fringe; so do some of the lampshades. They look as if they should be threadbare, but they aren't. Each table has a bell fastened to the top, for summoning a waiter, though I've never rung: when the after-theater crowd is here, it couldn't be heard, and at quieter times you'd feel as if you were disturbing the peace. When a waiter does pass by, the *arrière-garde* atmosphere of the place practically requires you to order a cocktail, preferably a martini. Think of its presence before you as part of the dress code.

The Algonquin has a literary reputation—better say, a literary past. The Algonquin Round Table met there, and the *New Yorker* used to be located in a building that had a rear exit across the street. James Thurber wrote that Harold Ross's

> famous and busy friends of the Algonquin Round Table and its fringes took his fond enterprise lightly. . . . A few of them helped now and then, with left hand, and tongue in cheek. "The part-time help of wits is no better than the full-time help of half-wits," Herman Mankiewicz is reported to have said at the time. When I reminded Ross of this line years later, all he said was, "God knows I had both kinds."

Time has adjusted that balance: I can't recall offhand any members of the Round Table, except Dorothy Parker, but the *New Yorker* is still with us; though I

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wonder if its editors ever made the pilgrimage here after they moved to new digs.

When you tire of the past, make the pilgrimage across the street for the future, to the Royalton.

Until quite recently, the Royalton was a rat's nest. Literally—I know two people who heard vermin rustling in the walls when they stayed there. Then the place was turned over to the Belgian designer Philippe Starck for a makeover. The new improved Royalton opened in October 1988.

The next time someone tells you the eighties were years of pointless greed, point to this place. Yes, style is not everything, and a lot of people in the eighties spent too much of their time on it, but in periods of high style there is at least a chance that some of the effusions of the moment will be genuinely stylish. This is one of them.

Starck achieved it by maniacal attention to detail. The details begin before the moment you enter the door. The door is flanked by two solemn pillars, like a bank's or a library's; the door itself is dark, solid wood, as if it belonged to a speakeasy. Inside, the lobby is long and narrow, like a corridor in an ocean liner. Every decoration, from bannisters to bud vases, has the shape of a rounded point, or a pointed curve. Easter lilies preen on the walls like voguers. The runner is imperial blue, with a border of white, possibly animate, figures. The bar at the back has an undulating footrest and a blue neon stripe running down the stone top. At one end is a green, bottom-lit basin full of marbles. The bellboys wear black shirts and jackets, and of course no neckties. They all hope to be in *Playbill*. Drink of choice? White wine. The buzz here comes from the furniture.

Since this is a hotel, most of the guests are the opposite of *soigné*. But many of the young women wear slips as blouses; the year before, they were at the Coffee Shop in tube dresses. I once saw three buds chaperoned by a young man wearing a tail coat, an earring, and a ponytail. There was a rumor that someone on the staff, later reprimanded, once asked some Hasids who had dropped in from the nearby diamond district to leave because their eighteenth-century Polish garb clashed with the decor. At least they would have been wearing the right colors. The men's room urinal is worth a detour. If you're a woman, get your escort to guard the door for you so you can look.

I have checked my wife into the Royalton, too, to celebrate an anniversary. I couldn't make the trick a surprise the second time around, but the staff compensated by writing HAPPY ANNIVERSARY in chocolate around the rim of her dessert plate. The sink in our room was conical, and the pencil on the nightstand had a black eraser. Compared to our night at the Algonquin, it was like visiting a not-parallel universe. Only we were the same—and New York, which can supply two perfect-of-their kind, but completely different, rentable stage sets, across the street from each other, like bookends. The ability to do so may not be as important as schools without criminals or subways without beggars, but it is something. ❐

THE TALKIES

# Family Value

*by James Bowman*

Hollywood always looks its worst at election time. This year we have to endure not only the nauseating spectacle of rich movie stars congratulating themselves for rallying around the people's party and ludicrous caricatures of the right in films like *Bob Roberts* or *Sneakers*, but also shrill, self-righteous cries of outrage from those whose "values" have been criticized by the Vice President.

Interestingly, it is only black films, like *South Central* by Steve Anderson, that are allowed to stand out from the "cultural élite" and stand up for traditional families and their values with a completely straight face. I hope you will not think me uncharitable for thinking so, but I guess that this is liberal condescension. Anderson's film effectively illustrates Dan Quayle's thesis about absent fathers, but it can scarcely expect to interrupt the general mirth over Murphy Brown's clever rejoinders to Quayle—because it's about black people and so doesn't count.

*James Bowman,* The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is the American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

Like so many others of its genre, *South Central* suffers from being too preachy. It is on the right side, but its being on any side robs it of subtlety and a needful artistic detachment. Woody Allen, on the other hand, is on the wrong side (we have no less an authority than Newt Gingrich to tell us so), but his new picture, *Husbands and Wives*, is the nearest thing he has had to an artistic success in years. Allen plays Gabe Roth, a creative writing teacher at Columbia, who *refuses* an affair with a young girl of 21 (Juliette Lewis)—because, as he says, he knows how it is going to come out.

Allen, it seems, is wiser in art than he is in life. He is wiser, too, than his friend Jack (Sydney Pollock), a man who is, like most people in love, too thick-witted and self-deceiving to see how his infatuation with an airheaded aerobics instructor (Lysette Anthony) is going to come out. Yet it is precisely because Jack cannot see that far ahead that his marriage to Sally (Judy Davis) is salvageable. Just as the infatuation that he thought was love could evaporate, so the love that he thought dead could be revived. Sort of. →



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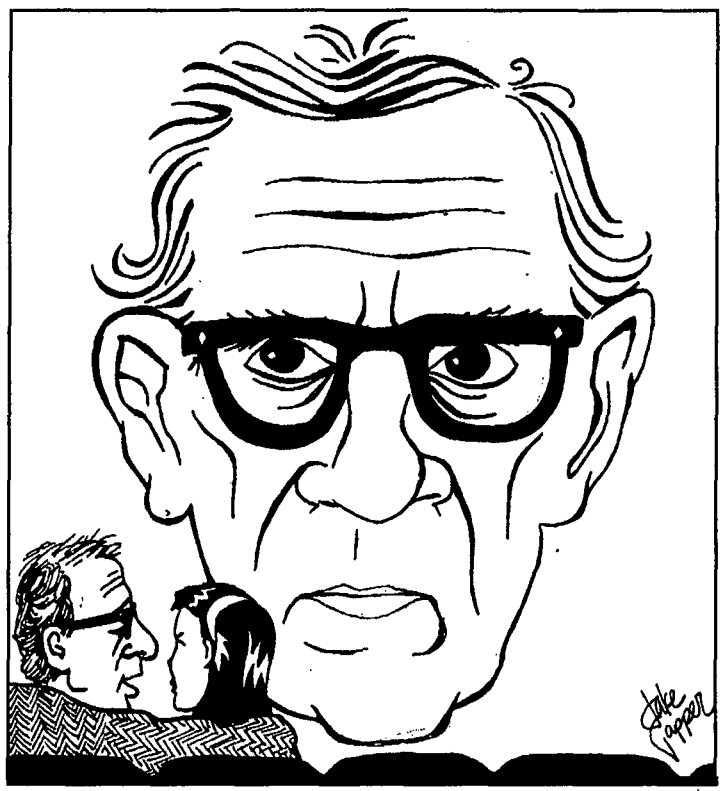
Gabe and his wife, Judy (Mia Farrow), do not have that consolation. They kill their marriage deliberately, clear-sightedly, and in cold blood. It is a horrible thing to watch and, as in Shakespearean tragedy ("Trust me, it's *Lear*," says Pollock to the aerobics instructor. "Shakespeare never wrote about a King Leo"), the horror is intensified by the humor that surrounds it. At the beginning of the film Jack and Sally, trying to be cool and sophisticated about their breakup, tell Gabe and Judy: "Don't turn this into a tragedy: it's a very positive step for both of us." The irony is that it turns out to be a positive step for them because it brings them back together, while it precipitates for Gabe and Judy the events that end in tragedy for their own marriage.

Jack and Sally are decoys; they make it all seem funny. Their split-up, their disastrous attempts at "starting over" and, finally, their lapse into reunion are pure farce, and Allen's comic talent has not been so well-displayed in years. It is worth the price of admission just to see Judy Davis's first date after the breakup—when she transfers all her rage at her husband to a poor, inoffensive man from work who proposes to take her to *Don Giovanni*: "F---ing Don Juans!" she says, "They should all have their d---s cut off!" Like all farces, Jack's and Sally's has the kind of happy ending that is not really happy at all but that convention demands we see as such. The philanderer is back with the old battle-axe, and we must pretend to believe that all will now be well.

Their compromise with the dissatisfactions of middle age for the sake of "companionship" has something of the inevitability of aging and dissatisfaction themselves. But it is not a compromise available to Gabe, who has a kind of emotional death wish, or Judy, who decides that she wants someone else (Liam Neeson) and ruthlessly sets out to get him. It is here that Allen's clear-sightedness deserts him. The women in the film are all predatory, the men all victims. Sally is amusingly impossible, but Judy is deadly because she masks her iron resolution to get what she wants with placidity and complaisance. She destroys the marriage almost single-handedly while Gabe is if anything rather too good and noble. This smacks of self-justification and rather spoils the ending of what is, nevertheless, Allen's best film in a decade.

Who would get married? *Singles* purports to be about dating, but dating is the backdrop rather than the theme of the film. Although its title and its narrative style both suggest a large cast of social units in search of dates or mates, it is really about two couples—Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick, Matt Dillon and Bridget Fonda—and their trials and vicissitudes on the road to holy matrimony. Like life itself, the film seems to be about looking for a good time when it is really about forming commitments.



This is what seems to dawn on Campbell Scott when he announces at the outset that he is "tired of all the games." Who isn't? But on his first meeting with Miss Sedgwick, when he tries out his pretentious schtick about having an act or being himself, she memorably puts him in his place by saying: "I think not having an act is your act." He retires, abashed, and says, "Thank you." And of course she is right. The games are part of the courtship ritual, which does not happen without them. The oldest game of all is to stop playing, which is ultimately what Miss Fonda tries. Of course this makes her more interesting, which increases her value to Dillon which gets her back into the game. It's like watching the operation of the laws of supply and demand—or gravity.

And it is because sexual reality, like economic or physical reality, is so inexorable that all our attempts to soften or evade it have such a huge potential for comedy. Cameron Crowe, the director, recognizes this in his funniest vignettes as well as his conception of the film as a whole. Getting everybody over the delusion that there is a simpler, less undignified way to live is an affirmation of our common humanity by means of comedy.

Nobody produces such comic epiphanies more reliably or more movingly than the director of my Movie of the Month, Eric Rohmer. Gene Hackman, representing the so-called "élite" that can't imagine why anyone would want to go to a movie in which no heads explode and no flesh is exposed, remarks in some forgettable shoot-'em-up or other that watching a Rohmer film is like watching paint dry. I guess that depends, Gene, on whether you're watching the paint or what is painted. And what is painted on a Rohmer canvas is the most incredibly intricate and delicate dissection of the human heart since Mr. Gray revealed to the world *his* Anatomy.

I am afraid that *A Tale of Springtime*, Rohmer's latest film to reach the U.S., may already have vacated your local Multiplex—it was in and out of mine in the second week of September—but it is worth a lot of seeking out if you can find it. In it Jeanne (Anne Teyssedre), a young philosophy teacher, meets Natasha (Florence Darel), a girl of 18, at a party. They



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strike up a friendship and Natasha invites her to stay over at the flat where she ostensibly lives with her father—though her father is always at his girlfriend's place.

Now you've got to watch carefully. Some reviewers seem to think that the plot of the film has to do with Natasha's attempt to fix Jeanne up with her father, Igor (Hugues Quester), because she hates his current girlfriend, Eve (Eloise Bennett). That is what Jeanne comes to believe, certainly, but we do not know whether or not it is true. And it is the truth or falsity of Jeanne-the-philosopher's knowledge, and how that knowledge relates to real life and love, that the film is about.

Essays in epistemology do not always make for the best cinema, as Gene Hackman has probably observed somewhere. But if anyone can do it, Rohmer can. Jeanne talks convincingly over dinner about Kant and Husserl and the synthetic a priori while across the table the by-play between Eve and Natasha reveals how much they hate each other. All this is very funny but serious at the same time.

Natasha tells Jeanne of a necklace of her grandmother's that her father had been planning to give to her on her 18th birthday. Before that, however, he had let Eve wear it to a party, which naturally infuriated Natasha. Eve had given the necklace back to Igor who had put it in his pocket—but then it had suddenly disappeared. The logical explanation is that it fell out of the pocket when Igor, who had forgotten it was there, hung the trousers up, but it is not on the closet floor either. In the circumstances of hostility between Eve and Natasha, it becomes natural that Natasha should suspect that Eve has taken it and Eve should suspect that Natasha has hidden it in order to throw suspicion on her.

Jeanne, caught in the middle, naturally suspends judgment. She quite likes Eve and is very upset when Natasha provokes fights with her. As she begins to see how obsessive Natasha is on the subject of Eve, she also begins to share Eve's suspicion that Natasha is capable of having hidden the necklace. She is also convinced, through a chain of circumstances, that Natasha is scheming to push her and Igor together. Natasha vehemently denies it, and this is where the film goes down to its nub: Can the philosopher and rationalist understand the need for trust? Does love, or friendship, mean that you've got to believe in spite of evidence?

It's not even as if it matters very much if Natasha has tried to make a match between Jeanne and Igor. Jeanne tells her that she doesn't mind, even finds it charming, but Natasha with all the fierce pride of youth sees when she is being patronized. She correctly divines that Jeanne has come to believe, on the basis of having observed her hatred of Eve, not only that she has been matchmaking but also that she has hidden the necklace. Her little 18-year-old heart is broken to think that her friend cannot trust her, no more than her father or the despised Eve can. "No one believes me," she wails, and we are ready to patronize her too when suddenly Jeanne finds the necklace in a shoe, where it obviously fell from Igor's pocket.

At once everything looks different, and it is the philosopher who is in tears. The synthetic a priori is not just a Kantian paradox, the elusive proposition that is both empirical and true by definition, but a kind of metaphor for the inner certainties about people according to which very orderly and logical people like Jeanne live their lives. Jeanne is ashamed of her suspicions, but the tears go deeper than that. Natasha, never more childlike than when she quickly forgets her own tears in delight at finding the necklace, bears no ill-will and innocently asks her newly restored friend: "Do you think they'll believe us?" Jeanne replies that maybe Eve won't, but her father surely will.

The irony in that line falls with the delicacy of a snowflake in a deserted forest, but it says more about families and what holds them together or pulls them apart than most other treatments of the subject could manage with two hours of concentrated effort. There is much more in this film than I have space to discuss, and much more than what it has to say about the delicate ties of love and trust that keep families together. But, like all great art, it has the power to cut through the political cant on the subject—to reveal both what is so important about families and how little governments can have to do with it. ❐


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# UNDUE PROCESS:
## A STORY OF HOW POLITICAL DIFFERENCES ARE TURNED INTO CRIMES

Elliott Abrams

The Free Press/250 pages/$22.95

*reviewed by* MICHAEL LEDEEN

I have heretofore refused to review friends' books, for how could I publicly excoriate a friend if I hated his work? And how could any reader take seriously words of praise for a pal? Good reasons, it always seemed, but I've agreed to break my own rule in this case. I'm doing so because there aren't very many people who have gone through the kind of ordeal that the author of this book describes. Since I have had my own extensive dealings with the Office of the Independent Counsel (the Special Prosecutor), and since I, like Elliott Abrams, have had a taste of Ordeal by Scandal, I think I'm in a particularly good position to evaluate what my friend Elliott Abrams has to say. With that excuse, here's the consumer warning: Elliott is a friend of long standing, back to the days when I first came to Washington and he was working for Daniel Patrick Moynihan. His wife, Rachel, is one of my wife's very best friends. His in-laws are both editors of mine, and friends as well. We gave money to his defense fund, and wished we could have given more.

Now for the substance. This is a very important book, one that should be given to anyone thinking of a career in what used to be called "public service." *Undue Process* is a gripping account of what it is like to be in the jaws of the Special Prosecutor—that modern version of the Star Chamber presided over by Judge Lawrence Walsh and his junior Savonarola, Craig Gillen. In telling the tale, Elliott Abrams takes us through all the Kafkaesque discussions with his team of lawyers, their bizarre shadow-boxing with the Walsh mob as they try to decide whether to plea-bargain (without even knowing the charges!), and the ultimate decision to plead guilty to two misdemeanors that no self-respecting prosecutor would ever have taken to trial. If only for that, *Undue Process* would be a valuable contribution to public understanding of our political and judicial systems. But what makes this book so precious is that it provides us with the first full account of what Ordeal by Scandal does to a man and his family, something that the other "scandal" books haven't dealt with adequately, if at all. And finally, it contains an unforgettable, blood-curdling chapter on how, worn down by the ordeal, momentarily broken in spirit and intellectually disoriented, Elliott convinced himself that his enemies were his friends, and that the only way to gain redemption was to collaborate with Walsh and Gillen at the expense of his friends and colleagues. He did not—but that such a strong person could have become so confused demonstrates the intensity of his ordeal.

We needed this book because with very rare exceptions the debate about the Special Prosecutor has been either so abstract, or so politicized, that the human effects were ignored. It was usually dealt with as if it were a kind of legal/political Olympics, with Walsh trying to outscore the Reagan guys. *Undue Process* brings our attention to the children of the accused, the parents of the accused, the wives. These are the people who suffer the most, for they are subjected to the stress, the social ostracism, the unthinking and the deliberately cruel remark, and they develop the same rage as those involved in the process, but they cannot strike back. At least, in some weird and distorted way, the victim gets at least the semblance of a fight because he sits in front of his accusers and does some intellectual sparring.

So, while it's depressing and infuriating and frustrating, it's also a bit exciting and, as Abrams shows us so well, it's even quite interesting. After all, the actions that Judge Walsh calls "crimes" have never before been so considered, so his prey constitute sacrificial trailblazers of sorts. But the family can only sit at home, or go to work or school, and wait it out, or—at best—attend meetings with the accused's lawyers, and that is why the ordeal is much, much tougher on the family than on the victim himself. The Abrams family is a solid one—indeed, the best observations come from Rachel and the children—but even so the process took a terrible toll on them, as it did on every family caught in the grips of the Special Prosecutor. I will never forget the day my daughter came home from school, badly shaken because one of her teachers had leered at her and demanded, "Well, is your father guilty?" The rage that a parent experiences in such circumstances has rarely been so well expressed as in a letter from Rachel Abrams to a friend, beginning: "I am sitting here going mad, crawling out of my skin, feeling this worm of rage turning, turning inside me, and I don't know what to do with it."

For those interested in the more formalistic aspects of Ordeal by Scandal, there are many pages—and, grim news, they make up the bulk of the book—dealing with lawyers. Discussions and arguments with lawyers, the cost of lawyers, the odd language and bizarre reasoning of lawyers, and the rather dubious ethical and moral standards of lawyers, particularly Walsh's lawyers. It is they who have turned Washington into Kafkaland, and almost all the important moves in these Ordeals by Scandal are made by them, not by the victims, even though it is the victims' reputations, careers, and freedom that are actually at stake. Even corporate executives—who have altogether too much to do with lawyers in their work—cannot imagine the

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*Michael Ledeen is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and the author of* Perilous Statecraft: An Insider's Account of the Iran-Contra Affair *(Charles Scribner's Sons).*



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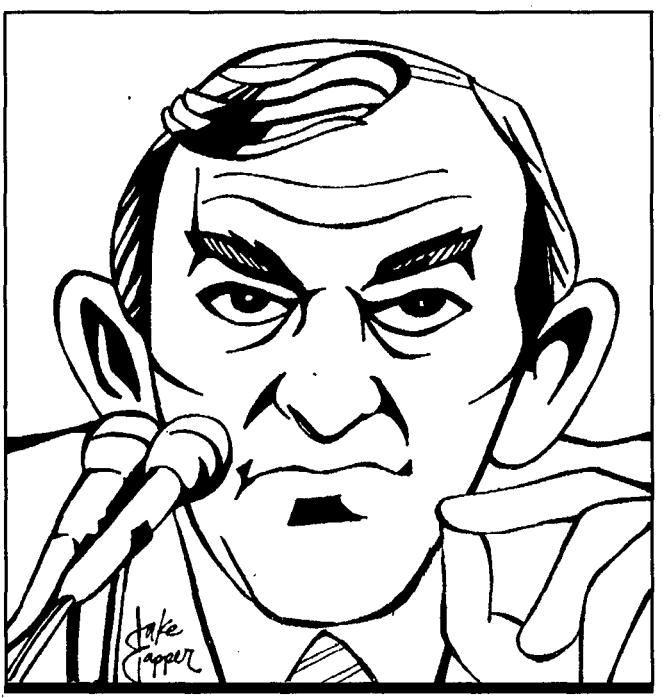
extent of lawyers' hegemony over both procedures and content of policy in Washington, and in that regard Walsh is simply an extreme case of a little-recognized problem: the way issues are turned into legalistic debates. In Elliott Abrams's case, despite all the threatening talk about "criminal acts," they finally got him to admit to withholding information from Congress in two instances: once when, in keeping with the promise of the American government to the Sultan of Brunei, Abrams failed to tell a committee about Brunei's promise of money for the contras, and on another occasion when he failed to say that he knew that Oliver North had ongoing contacts with the private American network that also gave help to the contras. Pretty small potatoes, and indeed the judge in the case was so unimpressed that he refused to assess a fine, and directed Elliott to perform "community service" by giving advice to Washington lawyers.

It will inevitably be asked, as many of us wondered at the time: Well, if it's such small potatoes, why didn't he fight it? And one of his lawyers—on Elliott's account, only one—clearly wanted to fight it, and was willing to fight it to the end even if Elliott ran out of money to pay him. And Rachel Abrams wanted to fight it, too. If she'd had her druthers, she'd have dueled with Craig Gillen with submachine guns and nuclear warheads. But it's not that kind of a fight; it's a legalistic debate in which Walsh and Gillen would have charged Elliott with a dozen or so of these petty offenses, and they were willing to bet that a jury would compromise on at least a couple of them, and convict. If they were right—and some pretty smart Washington lawyers thought they were—then Elliott would have put himself and his family through a year of Kafkaland, with his career on hold and his finances in ruin and his children traumatized and confused. It may be that psychologically (and obviously only in this limited sense) such an ordeal is more difficult than the gulag, for in the gulag the lines are clearly drawn and you must fight just to survive. In Kafkaland the lines are not clear, and the Special Prosecutor's steel mace is wrapped in a genteel glove of legalisms. To understand Abrams's real choice, you must relive the events and the absurd decisions he'd had to endure before reaching the crucial moment.

He is obviously of two minds on this question, as he is obviously ambivalent about all those lawyers who nudged him toward accommodation with Walsh and Gillen rather than toward confrontation. And he is much too soft on the lawyers. He praises Leonard Garment, as if Garment had not permitted poor Bud McFarlane to testify without immunity at a time when McFarlane was so distraught that he could not possibly reconstruct what had happened. Such lawyers, with rare exceptions, treated Iran-contra as just another legal case, in which sweet reasonableness would eventually bring about an equitable outcome. But it was not that at all, it was war, and it had to be fought, not negotiated. The Garments of this world didn't act as if they understood that (or, worse still, they opted for appeasement instead of standing and fighting with every available weapon). Alas, because almost all the lawyers treated it as a normal procedure, the Special Prosecutor is still with us.




As North and Poindexter showed, Walsh can be beaten, but it is hardly a fair fight, and it is an enormously costly one. As things stand today, only people with deep pockets can afford the luxury of going to the mat with the Special Prosecutor; even top officials can recover legal expenses from the government only if they are not indicted, a ghastly inversion of logic that greatly strengthens the Special Prosecutor (the threat of indictment becomes far more menacing). To achieve anything like fairness in these political wars, at least three steps are required. First, the government should pay legal expenses for any official who is either not indicted or found innocent. Walsh, after all, has an unlimited budget, which guarantees the corruption of the Special Prosecutor's office. Victims should at least get the chance to defend their honor without bankrupting themselves. Second, there must be some oversight; the Special Prosecutor should justify his existence and periodically convince an appropriate judicial body (I suppose the Federal Appeals Court in Washington) to renew his mandate.

The third major change has to do with the media, and it is odd that Abrams does not discuss it: a change in the definition of libel. He complains, as has everyone involved in a Washington scandal, of the outrageous lies about him in the press and on television. (In his case, it was falsely "reported," *inter alia*, that he had known about the Saudi contributions to the contras and had lied about it; and that he had met with the representatives of the Sultan of Brunei, using a false name.) But he does not go on to point out that it is virtually impossible to win a libel suit in this country because here, unlike every other civilized country, you must demonstrate that the journalist who libeled you wrote (or spoke) with full knowledge that it was libelous. That is an unbearable burden for most plaintiffs, and a commodious escape hatch for most journalists. We need to go back to the traditional definition of libel: if it is false and damaging, it is libel, and the court should do what it can to make you whole again, by making the libelers pay you a fair settlement and make public amends for their crime.

The re-establishment of reasonable standards for libel should extend to members of Congress. There must be some limit on the amount of damage some of these McCarthyites dole out in the ostensible fulfillment of their official responsi-



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bilities, and since much of their dirty work is done in tandem with the media, the two belong in the same category. Elliott singles out Sen. William Cohen of Maine for his egregious repetition of statements Cohen knew to be false, and my own singularly unpleasant experience with this slick solon during the Iran-contra hearings abundantly confirms Abrams's judgment. Cohen asked McFarlane if he knew that "Mr. Ledeen entered the country carrying large amounts of cash," and McFarlane replied that he did not. During the next break in the hearings, Cohen told inquiring journalists that he had misspoken, so they didn't write it, but despite numerous requests, Cohen would never publicly correct the record. Nor, for that matter, did Elizabeth Drew, who was commenting on PBS, and exulted at the "revelation" about me. Although she knew within minutes that Cohen's implied accusation was a lie, she permitted the false impression to stand. If I had been able to sue Cohen, and had there been reasonable standards for libel, I have little doubt that both would have quickly retracted and apologized (indeed, I doubt Cohen would have had the gall to smear me in the first place). Toward the end of *Undue Process*, Elliott convinces himself that this sort of thing is unique to Washington, and urges would-be public servants either to stay in the private sector or to limit their public service to local government. Here again, I think he misunderstands the true nature of the problem and the dimensions of our peril. I think that Ordeal by Scandal has become a fixture of American public life, because it is actively promoted by two classes fighting for supremacy in our political system: the lawyers and the journalists. Elliott wants the Special Prosecutor abolished, and I emphatically agree, but that won't cure the disease; it would only shift the venue of the Ordeal to federal courthouses. The other changes would still be necessary.

Our system of government is built on a theory of conflict in which every branch of government and every component of the political system is expected to fight for its rights and prerogatives. When any element abandons the fight, or is prevented from fighting, dangerous shifts in the balance of power are produced. For the past two decades, the executive has surrendered at several key battlefields, Elliott's case—which saw Ronald Reagan abandon his people to the mercies of Congress and then the Special Prosecutor—being one of the more dramatic. So the balance has shifted against the executive branch, to the benefit of the legislature, the judiciary, and the media. It may be that this state of affairs is largely the product of divided government, and that the problem will go away if there is a Democratic administration and a Democratic Congress. But I doubt it. (Remember Bert Lance?) If some future President doesn't even the scales, the usurpation of power will continue and spread, to the detriment of all Americans. ❐

# Round One

In we went to the conference room, where a small crowd was assembled. On their side was the notetaker—an FBI agent who would testify against me if I got something wrong or changed my story—Gillen, and three other lawyers who worked for him. Walsh came in late.

We started without him, and I quickly saw what they were about. They had a wide variety of documents: memos of meetings and phone calls, State Department cables, CIA cables, personal notes of various officials. They figured they'd show me these, and I'd see the jig was up. Oh please, Mr. Gillen, Sir, I give up, I'll change my ways sir, I confess.

But what they had was trash. The first subject of discussion was a man named Felix Rodriguez, and we spent hours on him. I had testified repeatedly that I had known of him as a Bay of Pigs veteran who had gone down to El Salvador under U.S. governemnt auspices to help the Salvadoran air force. Their documents indicated he had also helped the private contra arms supply network, and had played a role as well in handling the legal U.S. government humanitarian aid program that had been in effect from August 1985 to the spring of 1986, prior to the congressional decision in October 1986 to arm the contras.

That might, if it were true, make him a key link between the Salvadoran and U.S. governments, the official and legal U.S. contra aid efforts, and the private supply network. But it was news to me. I had not known of any such triple role for Rodriguez, whom I had viewed as a minor figure—in fact I had no memory of ever meeting him. He had come to my attention because he had made trouble by bragging about his friendship with Vice President Bush and Bush's aide Don Gregg. I had been told that Gregg had helped place Rodriguez in El Salvador in the mid-1980s, and that Rodriguez had gone around announcing, in bars and restaurants, that he was very close to the Vice President. The conclusion people might draw was that Rodriguez represented a link between the private network and the U.S. Government—a relationship we had been trying carefully to prevent.

They showed me document after document about Rodriguez, and I repeated my denials. After about two hours of this, when Gillen asked me for the thousandth time if some new document refreshed my recollection, meaning "do you now, now at long last, admit you've been lying," I told him: "Look Mr. Gillen, you can ask me that question all day and the answer is not going to change. I have told you what I knew and what I believed. And that isn't going to change."

Okay. End of Topic One. What had I learned? That, as I had predicted, there were no secret documents affecting me. All the memos they had shown me, all the meetings they had shown me notes of, shared one curious characteristic: I had been absent from all of them. Meetings I hadn't gone to, conversations I hadn't been part of. From this comes an indictment?

I had learned one other thing, and it wasn't a surprise: they were after Don Gregg, and therefore they were after George Bush as well.

—from ***Undue Process***



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# LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG:
## THE WORDS THAT REMADE AMERICA

Garry Wills

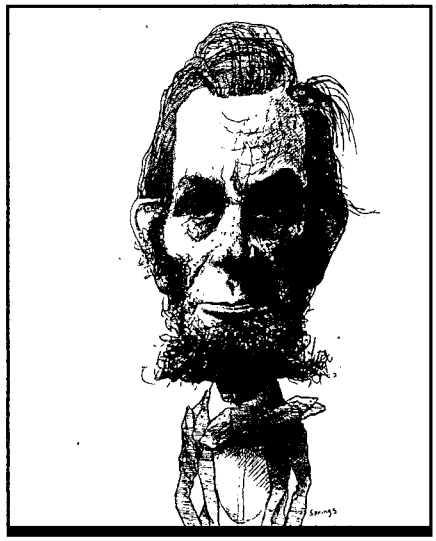
Simon & Schuster / 317 pages / $23

*reviewed by* PETER L. WELSH

Since the broadcast two years ago of Ken Burns's PBS series, *The Civil War*, many Americans seem to have taken a genuine interest in what Churchill called the "noblest and least avoidable of all the great mass conflicts of which till then there was record." One presumes that this is all for the good—perhaps most American college graduates will now know at least roughly when the Civil War took place. And studying the words and deeds of a genuine statesman like Lincoln also cannot help but be edifying. With the good, however, comes the bad: we also get interpretive thoughts on Lincoln's political philosophy from the likes of Mario Cuomo and Gore Vidal. In this latter category—tendentious Lincoln analyses—falls Garry Wills's *Lincoln at Gettysburg*.

There are, as best I can tell, two strong points to this essentially disappointing book. The first is the author's painstaking analysis of the inspiration, structure, and style of Lincoln's rhetoric. It deserves only qualified praise, however, because the analysis is in parts too painstaking; the wonders of Lincoln's rhetoric are, as Jane Austen would say, pointed out with a minuteness which leaves beauty entirely behind. Wills has a Ph.D. in classical antiquity from Yale, and brings a wide knowledge to bear. In particular, he applies the Greek conception of the funeral oration—*epitaphios logos*—to Lincoln's essentially epitaphic Gettysburg Address.

This is not an arbitrary vantage point. At the time of Gettysburg, America was self-consciously attempting to revive the glory that was Greece. From architecture to education to civic discourse there had developed in nineteenth-century America a strong interest in Greek antiquity. Indeed, Lincoln was preceded on the platform at Gettysburg by Edward Everett, who had taught Greek at Harvard to, among others, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Everett gave a two-hour speech infused with explicit references to the funeral orations of antiquity. Lincoln's three-minute Address, though less explicitly classical, was nevertheless more faithful to the Greek model of



funeral oratory. Pointing to its "two major sections—*epainesis*, or praise for the fallen, and *parainesis*, or advice for the living"—and several subsections, Wills makes a good case that the Gettysburg Address follows the structure of most Greek funeral orations very closely.

The other strong point of *Lincoln at Gettysburg* is the section "Emancipation" in chapter four, in which Wills gives Lincoln's rationale for the incompleteness of the Emancipation Proclamation. Lincoln was faulted by Abolitionists—and is faulted even now—for freeing only those slaves in regions that "are this day in rebellion against the United States." As Wills explains, however, Lincoln limited the Proclamation's scope largely out of respect for the restraints imposed by the Constitution:

> Lincoln had often said that he would do nothing individually to disturb slavery in its protected area—because it was protected there by the Constitution. . . . Its own language he thought shame-faced and provisional, meant to exist only as slavery was "in the course of extinction." But it was the enactment of the whole (single) people, and could be changed only by the whole people—through the amendment process. As the South could not unilaterally secede, the North could not unilaterally emancipate.

As a consequence, Lincoln issued the Proclamation only out of strict military necessity:

> By virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion . . .

As he only rarely does elsewhere in the book, Wills here presents and seriously examines Lincoln's own justifications, revealing Lincoln's profound respect for the intentions of the Founding Fathers—and contradicting the book's central thesis.

That thesis is summarily expressed by one word in the subtitle—"Remade." The argument is that Lincoln, at Gettysburg and elsewhere, was not entirely faithful to the Founders on the crucial question of the day. At Gettysburg, Lincoln maintained that the Declaration of Independence's "all men are created equal" was meant to include, in principle, Negroes as well as whites and that the Declaration, so conceived, provided the moral foundation to the American regime. In doing so, Wills contends, Lincoln was perpetrating a "giant (if benign) swindle" intended to "cleanse the Constitution" of "its official sins and inherited guilt" and, thereby, effect a second founding of the American regime:

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> By implicitly doing this, he performed one of the most daring acts of open-air sleight-of-hand ever witnessed by the unsuspecting. Everyone in that vast throng of thousands was having his or her intellectual pocket picked. The crowd departed with a new thing in its ideological luggage, that new constitution Lincoln had substituted for the one they brought there with them.

Wills rehashes the central argument of the charge repeatedly made against Lincoln by Stephen Douglas during the 1858 Illinois Senate race. More recently, certain conservative scholars like M.E. Bradford have argued similarly that Lincoln initiated a bloody Civil War in the name of egalitarian principles (taken from the Declaration of Independence) that are untrue, un-American, and completely alien to the Founders' Constitution. The only difference among the old slavery agnostic Douglas, the current conservative Bradford, and the former conservative and current *New York Review of Books* liberal Wills is that the last of them sees this refounding as more or less agreeable.

There is a solid case against this interpretation. Lincoln himself dealt at length with the criticism of his understanding of slavery and the Founding, in writings and speeches (notably the Cooper Union Address) that are largely ignored in *Lincoln at Gettysburg*. A few contemporary scholars have also preserved and defended Lincoln's case—by far, the ablest of these is Harry V. Jaffa. [1]

It is nevertheless worth citing a portion of Lincoln's remarks on this question from his debate with Douglas at Alton in 1858, five years before Gettysburg:

> I assert that Judge Douglas and all his friends may search the whole records of the country, and it will be a great matter of astonishment to me if they shall be able to find that one human being three years ago had ever uttered the astounding sentiment that the term "all men" in the Declaration did not include the negro. . . . I believe the first man who ever said it was Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, and the next to him was our friend Stephen Douglas. And now it has become the catchword of the entire [Democratic] party.

As for the relevance of this Declaration to the American regime as a whole, there likewise can be little doubt. Shortly after the Constitutional Convention (June 1788), John Jay was able to write to the president of the [English] Society for the Manumission of Slaves of how the doctrines of "liberal and conscientious men" who had "by their conduct and writings, drawn the lawfulness of slavery into question . . . prevailed by almost insensible degrees" at the Convention. In 1825, moreover, the father of the Constitution, James Madison, wrote to Thomas Jefferson in response to the latter's request for a list of authoritative texts to be read by all law students at the newly established University of Virginia. In that letter, Madison referred to the Declaration as the "fundamental act of union of these States" and placed it first on the list of "best guides" to "the distinctive principles of the government of our own state [Virginia] and of that of the United States."

Even some of the strongest proponents of slavery agreed with Lincoln's understanding of the Declaration and Founding. The ardent slave partisan Senator John Calhoun shared Lincoln's interpretation of the Declaration. Moreover, the Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, Alexander Stephens, is quoted by Professor Jaffa thus:

> The prevailing ideas entertained by [Jefferson] and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution, were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature: that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. It was an evil they knew not how to deal with, but the general opinion of the men of that day was, that somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away.

It would seem, then, that it was the proponents of slavery, not Lincoln, who sought to effect a "Revolution in Thought." And it was Lincoln who, consistent with his handling of emancipation, remained loyal to the Founders' intentions.

To undertake the kind of exhaustive reasoning necessary to refute this argument is beyond Wills's interest. Instead, he resorts to illogic, just as, some years back, he attributed Ronald Reagan's popularity to magic. "Lincoln argues," writes Wills, "but he also casts a spell; and what can a rebuttal do to incantation?" Thus, in lieu of a serious consideration of Lincoln's case we are given a hazy sketch of Lincoln's supposed chicanery, comprised of broad assertion supported by selective quotation and polished up by neat anecdotal information. Perhaps this is Wills's idea of a grandiose spell intended to counter Lincoln's alleged incantation, but his attempts leave one to suspect that Wills is attempting to pull off his own giant (and by no means benign) swindle.

It is important to apprehend the threat to American constitutionalism inherent in Wills's reading. For if, as Wills would have us believe, the Gettysburg Address is part of a "benign swindle," the sanctity of the Constitution has been seriously debased; and Wills exemplifies this by referring to "that new constitution Lincoln had substituted for the old one they brought with them." If Wills is correct (or is thought to be), then "that sacred reverence which," according to Hamilton, "ought to be maintained in the breast of rulers towards the constitution of a country" has been violated and a precedent has been set for other such breaches.

None of this troubles Wills; after all, contempt for the sanctity of the Founders' Constitution is central to the progressive-liberal movement of which he is now a part. This contempt, moreover, is most acutely observed in the practice of progressive jurisprudence. As former Supreme Court Justice William Brennan once said, "The genius of the Constitution rests not in any static meaning it might have had in a world that is now dead and gone, but in the *adaptability* of its great principle to cope with current problems and needs." This is the view Wills wrongly attributes to Lincoln, and it is a quietly seductive view that is anathema to that eminently conservative principle, the rule of law. ❐

[1] See Jaffa's debates with Bradford in *Modern Age: The First Twenty-Five Years* (Liberty Press, 1990); and his *The Crisis of the House Divided* (1959) which, in this field, has no equal.



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# WHO PROSPERS?
# HOW CULTURAL VALUES SHAPE ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL SUCCESS

Lawrence E. Harrison

Basic Books /280 pages/$22

*reviewed by* DAVID FRUM

John Maynard Keynes once said of Bertrand Russell, "He thinks all of humanity's problems are caused by people being such silly chaps; and that the solution to those problems is for people to cease to be such silly chaps." That certainly is how Lawrence Harrison thinks. In *Who Prospers?*, as in his 1985 book, *Underdevelopment Is a State of Mind*, Harrison argues that values are the spark plugs of economic growth. They make economies go, and if they malfunction, all you need do is throw them out and get new ones.

Normally, people who believe that the economic success or failure of nations and ethnic groups is best explained culturally take a dour view of the prospects for social tinkering. If South Korea's economic success and Argentina's economic failure are dictated by Korea's 1,500-year old Confucian tradition and Argentina's grim 400-year-old inheritance from Counter-Reformation Spain, then it doesn't seem very likely that any set of social reforms will have a big impact on either country's prospects.

Harrison takes a sunnier view. *Who Prospers?* is not so much a work of history or economics or cultural analysis—although it serves up an ill-cooked portion of each—as it is an elaborate good news/bad news joke. The bad news is that culture is infinitely important; the good news is that it is equally malleable.

Thus, "the principal obstacle" to the advancement of the one-third of the population of black Americans whom Harrison considers to be outside the middle class "is culture: a set of values and attitudes strongly influenced by the slavery experience, perpetuated by the isolation enforced, historically, by the Jim Crow laws and, today, by the ghetto." The crime, illegitimacy, and poverty that disfigure black America can be traced, Harrison argues, to the "static, dependent, present-oriented" culture of the ghetto.

Happily, while a solution to this problem may be "complicated, difficult and time-consuming," it is not beyond the reach of the federal government. All that is needed is a new bunch of social programs:

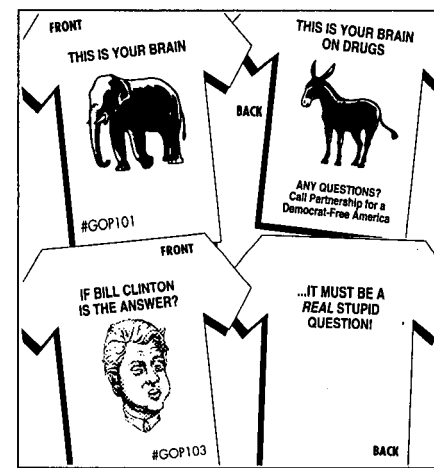
> Head Start/supervised play/day-care activities as early as possible; busing to schools where the student body composition includes significant numbers from the cultural mainstream—white and black—along the lines of magnet school programs; summer work and summer camp programs, perhaps combining the two; the use of university students as tutors of ghetto children; courses that better prepare high school youngsters for effective child rearing.

Above all, says Harrison, America must demonstrate to the ghetto poor that real opportunity is available to them. And the success of the black middle class is "eloquent testimony to the capacity of human beings to modify values and attitudes."

With that, of course, Harrison has just junked his entire theoretical structure. The whole point of cultural explanations of wealth and poverty is precisely to explain why people like the Argentines fail to seize economic opportunities that appear to be readily within their grasp. If it is true that people can discard or modify their values and attitudes in order to seize opportunities presented to them, then culture cannot be the thing that is determining their behavior in the face of opportunity.

It is this sort of illogic that is the main problem with Harrison's book—besides, that is, the once-over-lightly character of its scholarship. Harrison's illogic, though, has a larger logic. While *Who Prospers?* purports to be a global overview of successful and unsuccessful economic cultures, the meat of the book is its second half, which reviews the performances of America's Oriental and Hispanic immigrants and compares them to that of its native-born black population. Harrison wants very badly to see in culture both an explanation for, and a relatively painless solution to, the enduring problem of black poverty and social disarray.

But the explanations and answers that the cultural hypothesis offers are much less comforting than Harrison—who nervously insists that "my ideas are, in many ways, parallel to those of many civil rights leaders"—would like them to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*David Frum is an associate editor of* Forbes.



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be. He jumps altogether too swiftly from the observation that the majority of black Americans have left poverty in the past twenty-five years (in 1959, 55 percent of blacks were poor; only about one-quarter are poor today) to the more doubtful assertion that they have therefore culturally identified themselves with the mores of white America. A closer look at the black middle class would have revealed that, to a disquieting extent, it derives its income not from commerce and entrepreneurship, but from government employment. As the *Wall Street Journal* noted on June 16, while one of every fifteen white Americans (and one of every ten Korean-Americans) owns his own business, only one of every sixty-seven black Americans does, or about as many as work for the post office.

Harrison ends his book with a quick survey of the ills of American culture. Much of what he says—from the need for more respect for business to an attack on the evils of littering—is completely true. But much more of what he has to say reveals a striking faith in the power of social engineering (a legacy, perhaps, of his career as a foreign-aid dispenser) and an even more striking unwillingness to think hard about what culture is and where it comes from.

So, he complains, "religion has shifted its emphasis from personal morality, character and the living of a good life to the correction of social and political ills." The solution? "More sermons that stress the personal life well and creatively lived as an effective way for the individual to contribute to the well-being of the society and the world."

So, he complains again, parents maltreat their children. The solution? "Research on effective child rearing should have a high priority, but so should ways of communicating to prospective parents the lessons the experts have learned, for example, through courses in child rearing for high school students." If culture were indeed so easily alterable as that, America could have moralized itself into paradise on earth long ago. Unfortunately, the fundamental apparatus of the human mind is rather more intractable than Harrison cares to recognize. And that makes this a very unserious book on a deadly serious subject. ❐

## THE DOUBLE LIFE OF STEPHEN CRANE

Christopher Benfey

Alfred A. Knopf / 294 pages / $25

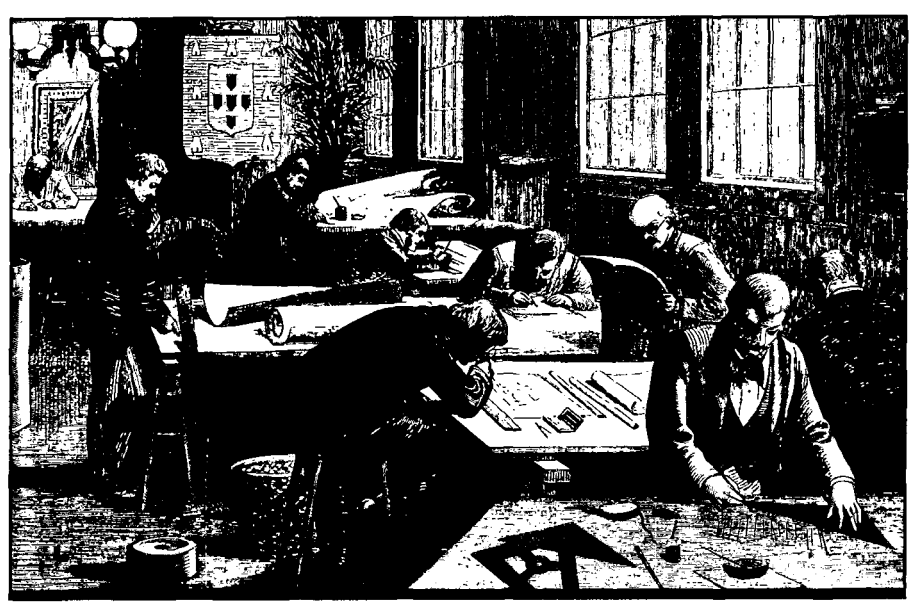
*reviewed by* MATTHEW SCULLY

The life of Stephen Crane, like the lives of Hemingway and other literary realists who came to a sad end, draws its power from the cliché of the suffering artist consumed alike by creativity and dissipation. In his 1951 biography, John Berryman described Crane admiringly as the thoroughly "illusionless" man, meaning the young author of *The Red Badge of Courage* had come to see life in all its false trappings, stared into the Void, refused to join in the "dance of death," and so on. Hence the tragic, bitter, seen-it-all air we find throughout Crane's life and writings—touching, but a little melodramatic in a man who never reached 30 years of age.

Of course being a tragic, illusionless figure can be a pretty vain illusion itself. Consider the fool's proverb from Emerson that Crane jotted down in a notebook, evidently as some sort of defiant personal credo: "Congratulate yourselves if you have done something strange and extravagant and have broken the monotony of a decorous age." Modern literature has a romance with the idea of artful self-destruction—breaking our monotony through reckless living, boozing, carnal abandon, fidelity only to one's craft. And the quieter types who write literary biographies lap the stuff up like kittens at the saucer. Roughly half the biographies reviewed in the *New York Times* on any given Sunday fit this description—purring praise of strange, extravagant, and often thoroughly depraved lives.

One detects a bit of this antihero-worship in Christopher Benfey's *The Double Life of Stephen Crane*, an inquiry that is otherwise sober and perceptive—particularly in its literary analysis. And to be fair to Crane, his mournful, fatalistic air was understandable: a long series of sicknesses prefigured the tuberculosis that eventually got him at 29. He died in 1900, having sensed his doom for at least a few years before.

*Matthew Scully is a speechwriter for the Vice President.*





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Throughout his twenties, Crane rushed from continent to continent, garret to garret, and woman to woman; sketching slum life in Manhattan while writing *The Red Badge of Courage* on the side, dispatching profiles of Indians in New Mexico, surfacing next in Greece, from there dashing off to the Cuban War, then on to London—and sometimes vanishing so completely that biographers haven't a clue where he might have been.

Even stranger, he seemed to "live his life backwards," writing about things he would then uncannily experience—war, shipwrecks, prostitutes. Hence his "double life." "Spare" describes not only Crane's prose but his physical appearance and material possessions. An odd union of austerity and carelessness mark his character: he seemed to practice both life and writing as the art of elimination.

So when Crane wrote, in a letter quoted by Benfey, "The lives of some people are one long apology . . . I go through life unexplained," it wasn't an Emersonian evasion. It was the avowal of a gifted man with little time to spare for self-exploration. Given another thirty or forty years, the author of one of our greatest novels might have degenerated into a stylish celebrity like "Papa" Hemingway, relieving the "monotony of a decorous age" with boorish behavior, public brawls, ferocious literary quarrels, and serial marriages. But in the time allotted him Crane seems to have guarded his literary integrity.

Like most journalists, he was a glory hound (afraid a war might end before the famous Stephen Crane could get there to cover it), and not the best manager of his personal affairs (mounting debts, untreated sicknesses, lavish living with pampered prostitutes). But his triumph was to resist the lure of lazy cynicism and remain faithful to his calling, scribbling furiously even in his final weeks.

His well-warranted fatalism may also explain those oddities in his life over which Benfey and other scholars have labored. Why, for instance, that attraction to prostitutes and prostitution, not only in his compelling first novel, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, but also in several real-life affairs? Was there some strange compulsion to "rescue fallen women," maybe arising from a Methodist minister father and a rigid, ungenerous mother who left him an emotional orphan?

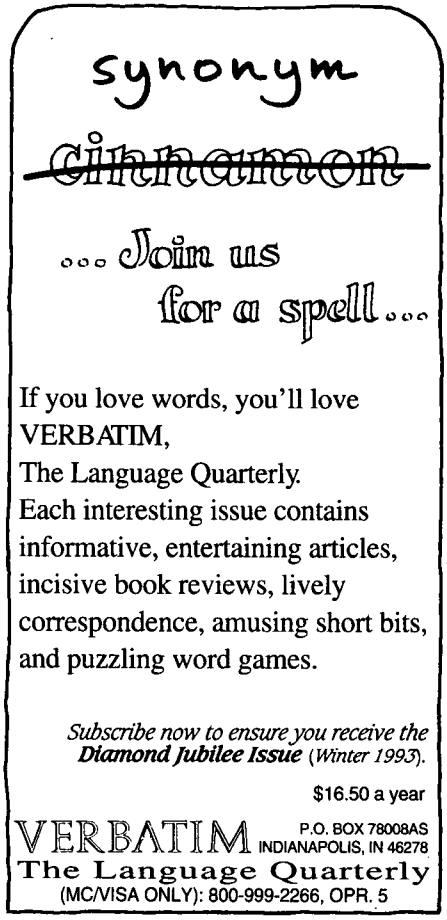
"Crane's grief is disguised and displaced in [*Maggie*]," writes Benfey. "Its setting in the slums of lower Manhattan is typical of this displacement; for Crane, economic deprivation is a metaphor for its emotional counterpart. His mother's death left him feeling bereft and in need of appropriate language to explain his loss." Benfey observes, too, that *The Red Badge* and so much of Crane's writing centers on the theme of exposure—"the lost child looking for a safe haven." Even his lesser-known stories—about shipwrecks and stolen toys and lost dogs—have to do with separation, the forced detachment from "not-me" objects.

Well, maybe so. It's as good a psychological reading as any, and Benfey offers extensive and thoughtful arguments to back it up. And unlike the usual psychobiographer, he's prepared now and then to acknowledge the mystery of personality and say, "We can never know." Though by the end we have had our fill of Freud and the various other psychologists Benfey (like Berryman) invokes, the book is a skillful case study in those archetypal yearnings one carries through life, emotional dissonance of one kind or another in search of resolution. Perhaps, then, Maggie was a metaphor for his own absent mother; and yes, perhaps his works are full of "oral-maternal associations" and—Berryman's thesis—"Oedipal guilt-sense toward the father."

But knowing this, as in his better moments Benfey seems to, does not really deepen the experience of reading Crane's work—which after all reaches to themes beyond whatever sorrows, fantasies, or frustrations the author may have known. And surely when Benfey finds the names "Cora" and "Dora"—two of the prostitutes Crane fell in love with—encoded in Crane's first-hand account of the wreck of a real ship called the *Commodore* off the coast of Cuba ("Cora is like Dora. *Cora como Dora*. Commodore."), he's making a hard sell. Indeed, to explain Cora and Dora, one could offer the more practical point that Crane's calling and sense of impending death simplified the choice between life's symbolic sexual poles, betrothal and brothel. He was a wanderer and not a settler, and if one has grimly resolved to embrace the impermanent, what companion could better embody that decision?

In the end, his is the story of a gift mysteriously given and brilliantly used. How did a 22-year-old, a no-account student, and not even much of a reader, sit down in a shabby New York apartment one day to write *The Red Badge of Courage*? Never mind that he had not seen a battlefield—it wouldn't be any less a mystery if he had.

The standard view, shared by Benfey, holds that Crane's grim realism was a reaction to the pietism of his parents, his unconventional ways a rebellion against their Christian moralism. Crane's own despairing view of God and man is cited in the simple lines: "A man said to the universe, 'Sir, I exist!' 'However,' the universe replied, 'that fact has not created in me a sense of obligation.'" As with most of Crane's writings, one hears not the intellectual's usual sigh of spiritual dissatisfaction but the authentic realism of a soul who, having stared out into the universe, has grasped that he is owed nothing, and that all the obligations run the other way. ❐





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# INVISIBLE VICTIMS: WHITE MALES AND THE CRISIS OF AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

Frederick R. Lynch

Praeger / 238 pages / $14.95

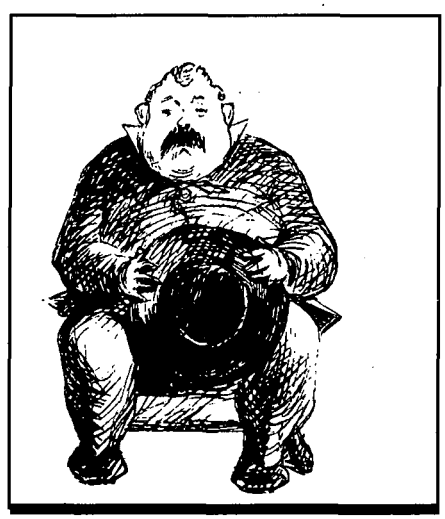
*reviewed by* PETER BRIMELOW

The collapse of socialism, in both its Communist and social-democratic variants, appears to be the central event of our times. Conservatives are hurt and puzzled that they haven't received more credit for being so right about it. One reason can be found in Frederick Lynch's pathbreaking *Invisible Victims*: Socialism has actually just mutated. The lust to "put politics in command," in Chairman Mao's phrase, has adroitly redefined itself in terms of equity rather than economic efficiency. While conservatives have been congratulating themselves about events overseas, the U.S. has been silently and steadily transformed by a race- and gender-based socialism.

Quotas were explicitly banned in the 1964 Civil Rights Act, but have nonetheless been spreading ever since. They have received extraordinarily little attention in the media and even less in academe. Of some 1,300 papers given at a recent American Sociological Association conference on "Race & Ethnic Relations," only one addressed the topic. Lynch, a sociologist at Claremont McKenna College, has written the first major study of what affirmative action actually does to its main victims, white men.

The scale of the quota revolution has been far greater than conservatives—with the notable exception of Norman Podhoretz's *Commentary*—have yet realized, and merit-based hiring has been widely subverted. Take, for example, "race-norming"—fiddling test scores to produce racially proportionate results. Many state and local governments race-norm their General Aptitude Test Battery, taken by job-seekers and supplied to potential employers. Private testing agencies race-norm results to "EEOC-proof" their clients. (The federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission regularly sues to force private business into quotas.)

"Affirmative action has been an administrative revolution imposed by judges and bureaucrats," Lynch writes. Thus it was not easily opposed, particularly because much of it is implemented informally and orally. The secretiveness



has only increased with the Reagan-Bush judicial appointments, whose growing influence has threatened the stability of the liberal judicial establishment. But affirmative action personnel openly say they intend to get around any law.

A few of Lynch's male victims were political liberals who felt obliged to rationalize their fate. But most acquiesced with varying degrees of anger. Some changed jobs. Usually totally isolated, these men felt that no one would help them.

They were right. The older generation of white male managers has in effect compromised with quotas, Lynch argues, because they think the impact will fall only on the younger, baby-boom generation. And the EEOC flatly refuses to accept white male discrimination complaints about corporations with approved—i.e., anti–white male—affirmative action plans. Litigation, for those who have tried it, proved expensive, exhausting, chancy, and immensely time-consuming—one case remains unsettled after more than six years. A further factor in the paralysis: the particular male personality itself. These victims seem really to have believed that grown men don't cry. A considerable number did not even mention their disappointment to friends, relatives, or fellow-workers.

Their wives almost never felt such inhibitions. "My wife is mad as hell; she's angrier than I am," said one man. Some wives absolutely insisted on being interviewed for Lynch's study. One woman pointed out that discrimination against white males injures not only the men themselves, but their wives and families. "This 'hidden' or latent conflict generated by affirmative action between career women and homemaker wives has gone virtually unnoticed in the affirmative action literature," Lynch notes.

He adds, "Karl Marx insisted that for any sort of class consciousness to arise, there must be communication of a common sense of oppression. With the mass media and the social sciences rarely recognizing the phenomenon, much less portraying it sympathetically, white males have been easily and silently victimized one by one."

The media have been able to ignore anti-white discrimination partly because neither conservatives nor liberals raised the issue. For example, the likelihood that Robert Bork would find quotas unconstitutional spurred the civil rights establishment's fanatical resistance to his Supreme Court nomination. But White House lobbyists said nothing. The media elite's motives are also partly ideological. From J. Anthony Lukas's best-seller *Common Ground*—which dealt with an earlier symptom of race-based socialism, busing—Lynch quotes a *Boston Globe* reporter: "If they [the Boston Irish] don't like integration, we'll shove it down their throats." And Lynch

*Peter Brimelow is a senior editor at* Forbes.



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was unable to find one television show portraying a white male being damaged by affirmative action.

Lynch cites a typical result of this systematic denial of reality: California Democratic Congressman Don Edwards, a mouthpiece of the civil rights establishment, was able to get away with claiming on the *New York Times* op-ed page that quotas did not exist—within weeks of three Supreme Court decisions about them. And supporters insisted that the (Bush-backed) 1991 Civil Rights Act did not impose quotas, although its key point was to override Supreme Court decisions that rejected the notion of racial imbalance as prima facie evidence of employer discrimination.

The result is a "spiral of silence," whereby people assume their doubts are not shared and suppress them, thus mutually intimidating each other. But opinion polls show quotas are overwhelmingly unpopular, even with the "protected classes" themselves. And when the Democratic party asked pollster Stanley Greenberg to investigate blue-collar defection from the party in 1984, quotas emerged as the crucial factor. The party promptly tried to suppress Greenberg's report.

Meanwhile, the quota revolution rolls on. Its latest ramification is "diversity management"—permanent quotas, with no pretense that they are remedial or temporary, both for minorities and women, and increasingly for the ongoing wave of non-white immigrants to the U.S.

Quotas are inherently unstable. They inexorably create turf disputes between the various "protected classes." And they inevitably exacerbate racial polarization, particularly as the articulate white middle classes begin to be hit. Which is why Lynch thinks affirmative action is headed for "crisis." This vulnerability accounts for quota supporters' mounting fervor—above all their increasingly wild accusations of "racism." There can be no doubt that until conservatives break the extraordinary power of this taboo in American debate, they will never get control of the culture.

Getting control of the quota debate itself will be comparatively easy. Recently I wrote an article on Lynch's work in *Forbes* magazine—one of the very rare occasions when I've been allowed to address this topic. The first reactions, from victims, were pathetically grateful.

The later reactions—probably the result of xeroxed copies reaching affirmative action enforcers who don't normally bother to read the business press—expressed outrage that the article had appeared at all. And there was none of this elaborate flimflam about the equal opportunity meaning equal outcomes or remediality or transitional periods with which liberal judges have cloaked their corruption of the law. These letters rashly echoed the response of the California prisons official quoted by Lynch. Asked about reverse discrimination against white officers, "He simply smirked and stated, 'It's your turn now.' "

This is an argument that even George Bush could have won. ❐

## NOFZIGER

Lyn Nofziger

Regnery Gateway / 370 pages / $21.95

*reviewed by* VICTOR GOLD

*There are two sayings everyone in politics should learn. One is an old Kennedy family motto: Don't get mad, get even. The other was given to me by a newspaperman friend, John Pinkerman, after I had lost an in-house power struggle while working for the Copley News Service. "Just remember," Pinkerman consoled me, "if you sit by the window long enough they all come by." According to my wife Bonnie, neither saying is fitten for a good Christian lad to adopt, but believe me, if you turn the other cheek in politics you wind up with two bruised cheeks.*

—Lyn Nofziger

Fair notice: This is by way of what's known in the trade as a sweetheart review, Lyn Nofziger being one of my favorite people; but as the subject of this salty, spirited political autobiography might say, What the hell, liberals do it all the time, why shouldn't we?

That out of the way, let it be said that it takes a certain degree of chutzpah to title an autobiography with your surname alone, but no one ever mistook Lyn Nofziger for a shrinking violet and came away without at least one bruised cheek. Not that Nofziger—or, as it were, *Nofziger*—is arrogant. On the contrary, he is as unassuming as the rumpled shirt collar around which he twists his trademark Mickey Mouse tie; quite humble, as a matter of fact, for a political player who in his time has been a high-level adviser to two Presidents.

No, the chutzpah that makes it possible for Nofziger, like some NFL or NBA superstar, to strut his name—knowing it will be recognized by any fan of the American political game—is the kind derived from a unique style of play. He is an original, a man who, on being told by Richard Nixon not to let the Democrats "get away with any lies," replied, "Mr. President, I'm not even going to let them get away with the *truth*."

A native Californian who once covered Washington as a correspondent for the Copley chain, Nofziger was brought into the Nixon White House in October 1969 to run a propaganda operation (Nofziger's words). He would sit there in his Old EOB office, beneath a sign that said DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN, thinking and talking hardball politics twelve to fourteen hours a day. By the time Watergate broke, though, Nofziger had left the White House to put his singular propaganda skills to work on behalf of the Republican National Committee, then headed by Senator Bob Dole. →

*Victor Gold is* The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*



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For, although he had been *in* the Nixon White House, Nofziger was never *of* it. He had come to politics as Ronald Reagan's press secretary in Sacramento, a conservative true believer portrayed by one liberal West Coast cartoonist as playing a rotund Sancho Panza to Reagan's angular Don Quixote. And it was as one of the original Reaganauts, first on the presidential campaign trail, then in the Reagan White House, that he secured his reputation as one of the most skilled operatives on the modern political scene—though not without mixed feelings about the game he played.

"Politics is a strange business," writes Nofziger in an uncharacteristically dour mood. "No hard and fast rules, few loyalties, no lasting gratitude." Nofziger gives those words of caution as the moral to a story he tells about a well-known United States senator who, having asked and received numerous favors from Ronald Reagan, repaid the debt by turning his back on his benefactor when needed.

The ingrate's name? You'll have to buy the book to find out. I am, as I say, the author's friend, and the fact that he pulls no punches and spares no names is the juice that makes *Nofziger* a read well worth the price. ❐

## THE CLAWS OF THE DRAGON: KANG SHENG—THE EVIL GENIUS BEHIND MAO—AND HIS LEGACY OF TERROR IN PEOPLE'S CHINA

John Byron and Robert Pack

Simon & Schuster / 560 pages / $27.50

*reviewed by* WILLIAM MCGURN

In the early spring of 1927, Shanghai's Communists were sitting pretty. After two abortive uprisings against the city's warlord establishment, a general strike timed to take advantage of the approach of the Nationalist Kuomintang Army—the Communists and the KMT were then still allied—led to their capture of the Chinese sections of the city. With most of Chiang Kai-shek's partisans bogged down in the provisional capital of Nanking, the Communists were in an excellent position to present their brother revolutionaries in the KMT with a fait accompli in Shanghai.

Or so they thought. Less than two weeks after they had seized control, Chiang availed himself of the services of a prominent local hoodlum whose goons set out in force to root out and destroy Chiang's erstwhile Communist allies. This is the "White Terror" of the history books, and it would last until the Japanese invasion a decade later.

Perhaps the most notorious incident in this campaign was the January 1931 arrest in the International Settlement of a faction of Chinese Communists led by He Mengxiong. Inasmuch as the arrest had occurred in the foreign-run concessions, there were certain legal formalities in turning them over to the Chinese courts. Once these were dispensed with, the Communists were handed over to the KMT, who then transferred them to a prison on the outskirts of Shanghai. There two dozen of them—twenty-one men and three women—were told they would be transported to Nanking for trial. Marched out of the prison yard in chains, they instead found themselves before a KMT judge, who barked out a summary death sentence. They died singing the *Internationale* as a firing squad did its work.

Despite efforts to keep the massacre secret, news leaked out. For among those executed were five prominent local poets and authors. The foreign press in particular made big play of the "Five Martyrs," suggesting that the KMT was pursuing a general suppression of artists. Among the 104 American authors who protested "the torture and execution of writers in China for their political opinions" were Sinclair Lewis, Robert Frost, Thornton Wilder, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Theodore Dreiser, Will Durant, Lewis Mumford, John Dewey, Edmund Wilson, and Malcolm Cowley.

The killings brought international opprobrium on the KMT. But there was one hitch. The man responsible for their arrest was neither freelance warlord nor KMT officer. In fact, he was a member of the Communist Central Committee, and he'd turned over the information about He Mengxiong and the Five Martyrs to the foreign and KMT police because they belonged to a faction trying to wrest control of the Party from the Soviet-directed Comintern. His name was Kang Sheng.

He Mengxiong was not the first comrade Kang Sheng turned on, and he would by no means be the last. Virtually unknown in the West, Kang Sheng was China's answer to Feliks Dzerzhinsky, founder of the forerunner of the KGB. Over the course of almost five decades his name was synonymous with terror in China, even more inside the Party than outside. *The Claws of the Dragon*, by a former diplomat writing under the pseudonym John Byron and by journalist Robert Pack, is his story, based on an internal Communist Party biography intended to heap blame on Kang for most past Communist depredations, a copy of which was leaked to Byron in Peking in 1983. Kang, say the authors, was the "evil genius" behind Mao and in his life can be found "the missing pieces in many of the jigsaw puzzles of twentieth-century China."

Like many a mandarin in the worker's state, Kang was no beer-hall Bolshevik. He possessed a keen eye for antiquities, and excelled at painting and Chinese script; indeed, he had the exceptionally rare talent of wielding the calligrapher's brush with his left as well as his right

*William McGurn, who recently returned to Hong Kong as senior editor of the* Far East Economic Review, *is the author of* Perfidious Albion: The Abandonment of Hong Kong 1997 *(Ethics and Public Policy Center).*



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hand. He indulged in his predilection for classic erotica, particularly the theater. Like Mao, he did not scruple to pillage the best of what others had done for his own private collection. When in the summer of 1980 Party officials put the cream of his private collection on display in an effort to discredit his name five years after his death, it included 12,080 rare books and 1,102 antiques and artifacts. Kang, say Byron and Pack, "was a match for the Borgias both in aesthetic refinement and in cruelty and deceit."

One thing Kang did not have in his pedigree, however, was the Long March. His Party career had begun in Shanghai, where he rose swiftly in the Communist underground. Intimately involved in most of the landmark events of the Party's early years—the anti-British protests of 1925, the urban uprisings the next two years, and the battle with the KMT that began in 1927—Kang courted imprisonment, torture, and death. Later, in a foretaste of things to come, he would in 1931 assume control of and ultimately bring badly needed discipline to a Communist underground riven with double agents and informants.

For all his successes in Shanghai it appears that Kang did not escape arrest himself in 1930. While the authors present no evidence that Kang betrayed his comrades as a result, they do show that he went to considerable lengths to erase any trace of it. Given the number of agents and double agents in their midst, the news that he had been detained would have been enough to leave Kang suspect in Communist circles—and it certainly could have been used against him by rivals. In 1967 he destroyed the more than ninety pages found in KMT archives in Shanghai that dealt with him.

Yet the arrest did not seem to hurt him, for in 1933 Kang went to Moscow as part of the Chinese contingent to the Comintern. He stayed in the Hotel Lux with other foreign believers, among them Yugoslavia's Josip Broz, the future Marshal Tito, and ran into fellow travelers such as the American journalist Agnes Smedley. A number of KMT members were also in Moscow at the time, including, ironically, Chiang Ching-kuo, son of Chiang Kai-shek and the man responsible for setting Taiwan on its present course toward full democratization. But it was also the time of the Trotsky-Stalin rift, and at this point Kang was firmly on Stalin's side.

Kang's patron in Moscow was a young revolutionary named Wang Ming. In his early days in Shanghai, Kang had twice disciplined Wang for breaches of security, but when the Soviets anointed Wang as the man to bring the Marxist Gospel to China, Kang immediately turned into a Wang toady. That helped him immensely in Moscow, but in China at the same time events were transpiring that would shake the Party leadership from top to bottom. The KMT crackdown on the Communists had forced the Red Army into its Long

March, out of which Mao Zedong emerged as the pre-eminent (if not unchallenged) leader of the Communist movement in China. In short, Kang's patron was losing out to a man whom Kang had never even met. That could not have been welcome news to an ambitious young cadre—in Moscow, Kang had tried to keep locals in the dark about Mao's ascendency—but it did not prove an immense obstacle, either. He would simply switch sides again when Wang was going down.

Not that Kang's time in Moscow had been wasted. In close co-operation with the NKVD, he purged many of the "counterrevolutionaries" among the Chinese contingent. Though he would later boast that the Russians had taught him nothing, he never forgot key lessons in administration. When named head of the Chinese Party's "Social Affairs" Department, for example, he immediately began reorganizing it along Soviet lines. "The Social Affairs Department integrated the two classic functions of secret services," write Byron and Pack, "conducting counterespionage and countersubversion, as well as collecting intelligence by all available means about the Party's enemies, both external and internal." Throughout his career he would eliminate rivals by first whipping up hysteria, whether over "Japanese spies," "KMT agents" "renegades," or whatnot.

Kang's return to China was precipitated by the outbreak of full-scale war with Japan, Stalin hoping that Kang and Wang would help consolidate the united KMT-Communist Party front he'd been urging. In November 1937, a Soviet plane carrying the two men touched down in Yan'an, a small town in North China where the survivors of the Long March lived in caves cut out of the brown mountain cliffs and operated their own provisional capital. When not purging landlords—he had cut a hole in the nose of one and paraded him through the city—he was busy taking a measure of his own situation, and so within a year of his arrival he abandoned Wang for Mao. In this he was abetted by an old friend, the willowy Jiang Qing, an actress with whom the Chairman had become infatuated. Kang had known Jiang since her childhood, and Byron and Pack repeat longstanding rumors that they were once lovers. When Mao's affair with Jiang became an issue in the then-puritan Party in 1938, Kang vouched for Jiang and earned Mao's gratitude. He was rewarded with command of the secret service.

The Jiang-Kang alliance was to have disastrous consequences for China during the Cultural Revolution, and had he not died in 1975 it's likely that the trial would have been for the Gang of Five, not the Gang of Four. Essentially, Kang's success lay in anticipating Mao's whims (particularly when they involved bringing down real or perceived rivals) and then acting decisively to satisfy them. Documentary evidence links his name with the deaths of 30,000 people between 1966-70 alone, and the authors

*(continued on page 79)*



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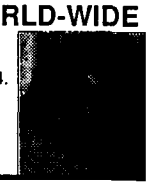

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THE CLAWS OF THE DRAGON
(continued from page 77)

quote from Hu Yaobang's 1978 denunciation of Kang: "Before they died many comrades suffered greatly, both psychologically and physically. Some were tormented to death; some committed suicide; some were assassinated; others were poisoned; some died of hunger; others were locked away in mental asylums; some waited for death with their eyes open in hospitals." Of course, Kang was not one to forgo his aesthetic joys even in the midst of purges, and he used the chaos of the Cultural Revolution to build his collection, making him "at once a passionate antiquary and an accomplice to the destruction of the culture that had inspired the art he coveted."

Along with the Party biography, Byron and Pack marshal an impressive body of additional evidence chronicling Kang's wickedness and perversions, personal as well as political. At times, too, they even go out of their way to exonerate Kang for specific crimes. "Kang's reputation was such," they note, "that whenever an unexplainable tragedy occurred in China, he would become the main suspect—just as if one American were held responsible for the mysterious assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr."

But at times they appear to fall into the same trap, if only because the emphasis on Kang diminishes the role of other important actors. *The Claws of the Dragon*, for instance, portrays a more passive Mao than we've seen, and does not sufficiently deal with Kang's time out of favor, including the first six years of the Communist regime. It exaggerates his role as the architect of the Sino-Soviet split, a parting of the ways that, given the natures of Mao, China, and Russia, was more or less bound to occur as each pursued its own interests. Nor is Kang credited for his early attraction to Communism. However loathsome he may have been, to have worked as he did in Shanghai when he did required a certain amount of courage, if not conviction. Ditto his journey to Yan'an. Today this might appear more opportunism, but in 1937, though the Long Marchers had survived, it was by no means clear they would emerge triumphant. After all, even Stalin was backing Chiang and the KMT over the Communists in those days. Finally, there is the question of the Party biography upon which much of this book is based: it's an old tradition for living Communists to blame dead Communists for all the crimes of the past. However real the crimes outlined in Party indictments, blame tends to be assigned according to the political needs of the moment rather than actual culpability in the past.

Still, in a curious way Kang Sheng's own culpability in specific crimes is the least important aspect of *The Claws of the Dragon*. Even if it is incomplete in some of its details, the portrait of a Communist leadership every bit as venal and treacherous as its counterparts in the former Soviet empire is a welcome antidote in an area that has long been clouded by ideological hagiography. "The value of Kang's history," Byron and Pack write, "lies less in its colorful, chilling episodes than in its power to illuminate the fundamental dynamics of Chinese politics and government."

For however much pain and misery such men as Kang inflicted on their nation, it was complemented by the agony they inflicted upon one another as they jockeyed for position with all the bitchy cruelty of a courtful of eunuchs. Although the rise of Deng and his cohort has tempered some of the excesses, the bloodshed at Tiananmen emphasizes that the essential character cannot change until the unraveling of the PRC itself:

> By exposing Kang's crimes, China's current leaders have set limits on their own elitist tendencies. They have repudiated Kang personally, but they failed to dispel the dangers inherent in a revolutionary movement that amounts to nothing more than a new imperial system centered on a small, personalized elite. Mao Zedong was a peasant leader who established a fourteenth-century regime in the twentieth century; even his mausoleum, the contemporary version of an imperial tomb, recalls the dynasties of old China. As long as Mao retains his place in the Chinese pantheon, the spirit of Kang Sheng, Mao's evil genius and hatchet man, will not likely be exorcised.

Precisely. ❒



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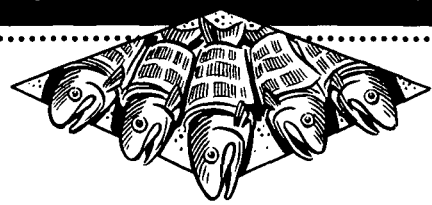

### Los Angeles Times

A highly irregular communiqué to the correspondence page of a leading national newspaper, possibly from a resident of Death Row:

I request that you publish my willingness to have my taxes increased. My income is much above average and if my taxes were raised by as much as 25% or 50%, that would not lower my level of living a bit.

I resent wasteful expenditures on armies and armaments that are not needed; but as long as the fears of our citizens (or the greed of the military-industrial complex) cannot be dispelled by reason, some waste is inevitable. However, we are still rich enough to provide employment, job training and health care sorely needed. Industry is not sufficiently enterprising at this time, and private persons are not able to reverse the recession. For a caring society, for healthy and happy neighbors, for hopeful children, I want to contribute more to a providing government.

*—David Ziskind*
*Los Angeles*
*[September 17, 1992]*

### New York Post

Mike McAlary, the Anna Quindlen of this illustrious gazette, re-creates from his richly propagandized noodle Ronald Reagan, the overwhelming choice of the electorate in two presidential races:

To most Americans, Ronald Reagan's beliefs were scary and damaging to the fabric of American society. He produced a peace for our world, but a rage in our cities. Ronald Reagan made it safe to hate again. Hate the poor. Hate the cities. Hate minorities. Hate all around. . . .

The last time anyone saw the old coot, he was ducking flying glass and scaring us back to a terrible Washington, D.C. sidewalk scene where a gun was firing and men were falling.

*[August 18, 1992]*

### Windsong Messenger

(Boulder, Colorado)

Numerologist Patricia L. Taylor proffers a trenchant analysis of the greatest American since Henry Ford, by way of her science—a science that the United States government is sadly deficient in funding but that many faculty members of the Harvard Law School swear by:

What are the driving forces of this man who has stirred the adrenalin of hope and promise in the hearts of Americans? Who is this man who dares to kick the political system's butt and rattle the bones of bureaucracy? As a Numerologist I am compelled to find out. . . .

What do the later days hold for Mr. Perot? His personal number, or Reality vibration, is 9. It came into influence around age 50. It would appear that Mr. Perot was bound and determined to fulfill the promise of the 9's in his chart, a happy marriage between working for the good of mankind and for personal material satisfaction. I do not pretend that Ross Perot walks on water. As a Numerologist, I know that we humans swing on the pendulum of the positive and negative. Herein lies one of our greatest gifts as humans: learning compassion and understanding through our very humanity.

So who is H. Ross Perot? I see him as a human being who takes large bites of life and spits out what he feels is an untruth or an injustice. He has tripped and fallen and has had to swallow bitter medicine. Even at that he embraced those periods with an inner zeal and dignity. He has learned that his emotions can be a strength as well as a weakness, and has a strong belief in putting your money where your mouth is. He will make himself available, give of his energy, but only if we ask.

Ross Perot can bluntly tell it as it is. If we decide to jump in with him, we had better be prepared to pull our own weight. He will not wipe our noses for us.

*[Summer 1992]*

### Kalamazoo College Quarterly

The graduating kids of Kal Col get a swell excursus into American slang from the swank Johnnetta B. Cole, member of the Jimmy Carter Rat Pack:

Take racism and sexism. No matter how pervasive they are, you know, they ain't genetic! We learn those systems of inequality. Well, if we learn them, then we can unlearn them—or better yet, we can just stop ever teaching that stuff.

*[Summer 1992]*

### Image

In the *San Francisco Examiner*'s Sunday magazine, Alice Walker, the celebrated authoress, displays the infantile solemnities that have made her a major *illustrata* among the Republic's shanty intelligentsia:

*In the aftermath of the L.A. riot, Dan Quayle and other conservatives asserted that the country's basic problem was the breakdown in family values. Do you see any truth in that?*

Well, the putative leadership of the country represents such a level of ignorance and backwardness that I really can't comment on it. All I can think of is that we should all be thinking of an entirely new form of leadership. For the presidency I propose a triad of three grandmothers: a Native American, an African American and a European American. And I recommend three women whom I think would be wonderful: Wilma Mankiller, who is the head of the Cherokee Nation, Maxine Waters, who is in the Congress, and Gloria Steinem. I think if we had those three women, with maybe Bernice Reagan, who is with [the singing group] Sweet Honey in the Rock, as adviser, we would have a presidency that could take us out of this dreary backward-looking, unhealthy and dangerous place we are in. I also think that we should have a council of war and peace made up only of women who bear children



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and not of men at all. So I have a hard time trying to come back to the level of thought where you actually are seriously thinking about people like Quayle and Bush.

*[July 19, 1992]*

**New York Times**

A news report in America's newspaper of record, allegedly from Miss Sheryl WuDunn in Peking. But this could be another example of well-preserved 1972 Maoist madcappery:

The capitalist-style changes in China over the last dozen years have made almost everyone richer, but in some ways they have also made life more difficult and more frustrating for the nation's 565 million women.

As Chinese society focuses more on profit than on equality, and as Communist morality loses its influence, women are in some cases losing the ground they gained in the Maoist years.

More now than under Mao Zedong, they are being discriminated against in jobs, in housing, in land allocation. Physical attractiveness has become a crucial factor in hiring women. Women are increasingly used as ornaments in the office, or as lures to bring in business.

The proportion of women in the most powerful positions has declined.

*[July 28, 1992]*

**International Herald Tribune**

Girl talk heard 'round the world from the incontinent Anna Quindlen:

NEW YORK—Americans have gotten a little tired of Sweden, and it is not just because of the model wars, in which American women are forced out of cover girl positions by Swedes and driven to seek work at auto shows. It is all the social policy superiority.

You might be researching sex education and you discover that there is a program for Swedish eighth-graders that teaches sex education AND microbiology. Day care, maternity leave, the elderly—the American motto has become "I don't want to hear one more word about how well they do it in Sweden."

So it was soothing to discover that even in Sweden, men don't do their fair share of the housework. They don't do it in Japan or in Cuba, either, or in America. In fact, they don't help around the house much anywhere. (Note the sex-specific use of the verb "to help." When men do dishes, it is called helping. When women do dishes, it is called life.)

*[September 9, 1992]*

**Washington Post**

Professor James Fallows, Washington editor of the *Atlantic*, makes a solemn stab at moral philosophy and reveals himself a mere heckler:

One group of people has the moral right to stand in judgment of what Clinton (or I) did. It consists of those who faced the same decision at the same time and made a braver choice. This group includes those who served in Vietnam and those who formally refused to go.

*[September 15, 1992]*

**Congressional Record**

In another patriotic service to the commonweal, the Hon. Robert Dornan of the great state of California deposits onto the public record a taped exchange between Governor Bill Clinton and a member of his brain trust, suitably introduced with this flavorous caveat: "Note: Portions of these tapes contain sexually explicit language to which you might not wish to expose members of your family":

FLOWERS. Remember a long time ago when you called me and said that if you announced for, well, it was back the first time you were going to announce for, uh—

CLINTON. Governor?

FLOWERS. No. President [laughs] [garbled] And you said [garble] 'Gennifer, I just wanted you to know that there might be some reporters or something out there' and you said, 'Now, uh, you be sure to [garbled words] [both laugh] say there's nothing to the rumor,' and I said, O.K., I, well I shouldn't even say this to you, probably embarrass you. Do you remember what I said to you?

CLINTON. No. What'd you say?

FLOWERS. I said, 'Well, at the time you eat good (street term used for female genitalia). [laughs]

CLINTON. What?

FLOWERS. I said I had to tell them that you ate good (feline term for female genitalia) and you said, 'Well you can tell them that if I don't run for President [laughs]. I've got to keen [sic] my voice down, my parents are in the other . . [laughs] [garbled]

CLINTON. [garbled]

FLOWERS. And I thought, you know that's not real funny right now. But anyway I try to find the humor in things.

*[September 23, 1992]*

**New York Times**

In the "Corrections" section of this estimable organ of The Enlightenment, a poignant example of American journalistic excellence:

The "Candidates on Television" listing yesterday misspelled the name of the Vice President in some editions. It is Quayle, not Quale. The Tmise [sic] regrets the error.

*[September 12, 1992]*

**New York**

In *New York* magazine, a splendidly nonjudgmental notice of a forthcoming literary event:

**Jesus**, by A.N. Wilson. The biographer of Tolstoy and C.S. Lewis takes on the much-mythologized figure at the center of a popular religion and seeks to dispel many of the myths that have collected about him. W. W. Norton; 320 pages; $22.95; October.

*[September 14, 1992]*

**New York Times**

As the Summer of '92 winds down, the move to desegregate New York's beaches takes shape:

Like Carlin Meier, I hope there will be no segregation of topless bathers from topped bathers ("Women's Breasts: So What?", Op-Ed, July 29). In the early 1980s, when I was a practicing nudist at Riis Park beach, Federal law determined that to protect those who did not wish to view anatomies in toto, nudists would be restricted to one section of the beach. That section was near an old age home, on the theory, I suppose, that those folks had already seen it all.

At first, like Ms. Meier, I sunbathed at Riis Park satisfied with my breast size and buttock shape; certainly, nothing I saw at Riis Park put me to shame. However, what I heard began to affect me. Male gawkers circled this section like coyotes. They catcalled and loudly discussed breast size and buttock shape. Their analysis was comparative. I soon felt jealous of the women they harassed most. My sense of self-esteem was diminished, and I began to think of enhancing and reducing parts of myself.

Sectioning off the topless would not honor the spirit or intent of the opinion by Judge Vito J. Titone of the New York State Court of Appeals or normalize relations among the breast-obscured, the bare-chested and malefactors.

*—Lisa S. Lowenheck*
*New York*

*[August 26, 1992]*



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ing, but betrays an appalling lack of historical and theological knowledge for someone who is assistant features editor for the London *Sunday Telegraph*. It is one thing to attack the Royal Family, which is not unfailingly popular, even with Brits who call themselves "Royalists." I have heard one Scots priest refer to them as "those Germans." It is another, however, to mischaracterize the Church of England as "Protestant."

The same English synod that issued the first version of what we know now as the Thirty-Nine Articles also promulgated the following canon:

> The clergy shall be careful never to teach anything from the pulpit, to be religiously held and believed by the people, but what is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old or New Testament, and collected out of that same doctrine by the Catholic Fathers and ancient Bishops.

The present canon, A.5, puts it this way:

> The doctrine of the Church of England is grounded in the Holy Scriptures and in such teaching of the ancient Fathers and Councils of the church as are agreeable to said Scriptures. In particular such doctrine is to be found in the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion, The Book of Common Prayer and the Ordinal.

Any unbiased reader of the Book of Common Prayer will find there the ancient system of the Catholic Church: its teaching, its ministry, its sacraments. As long as you use the definition of catholicity generally accepted by the undivided church, that of St. Vincent of Lerins, "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ad omnibus*," then, even as Bishop John Jewel challenged in his historic sermon at St. Paul's, the Church of England contains, teaches authoritatively, and practices everything considered Catholic in the first six centuries and rejects only that which was innovated after that time. Indeed, the more closely the Prayer Book is followed and obeyed the more clearly it is that the Church of England is not only Catholic but in many ways more Catholic than either the churches of the Roman obedience or of canonical orthodoxy. . . .

*—The Rev. H. Lee Poteet*
*Vicar Capitular*
*Diocese of St. Matthew the Apostle*
*Petaluma, California*

*Stuart Reid replies:*
If the Rev. Poteet wants to believe that the Church of England is Catholic, and not Protestant, and that those who believe the opposite are ignorant of history and theology, then nothing I can say will change his mind.

Perhaps, however, he will listen to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, Supreme Governor of the Church of England and Defender of the Faith. At her coronation, the Queen swore before the Archbishop of Canterbury to maintain "the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law." Thus Elizabeth II and the Anglican establishment believe that the Church of England is Protestant. And they should know.

**Revenge of the Nerds**

R. Emmett Tyrrell makes me sick. He complains that young conservatives are not "hip" or "cutting edge"(Current Wisdom, *TAS*, September 1992). In his search for a scapegoat for "The Conservative Crack-up," he fails to recognize that he might be part of the problem. It is conservative leaders such as Tyrrell who have failed to reach out to the young. I would love to know who the "hip" and "cutting-edge" conservative role models are that young conservatives are expected to imitate. Surely Tyrrell can't expect us to be "hip" when the current conservative leadership is anything but. (I tell you, that pork-rind-eating George Bush is one cool dude, ain't he?)

I fully agree that having Shirley Jones (a.k.a. Mrs. Partridge) as the guest of honor at the College Republicans' 100th Anniversary Dinner is the quintessence of nerdiness. But any conservative leader having the audacity to complain about this is certainly a case of the pot painting the stove black. . . .

*—Jack Sangster*
*Madison, Alabama*

**Algernon Reprimanded**

Your July 1992 Correspondence includes a letter from Mr. L.W. Fromm, Jr., suggesting that a gun loaded with blanks would be safer around children than a gun loaded with standard ammunition. This is an extremely dangerous idea, and I hope you will so inform your readers many of whom may be as ignorant as Mr. Fromm.

A "blank cartridge" does not have a lead bullet; however, the cartridge is sealed with some substance, most frequently a cardboard wad, which is projected from the gun when the blank is fired. This projectile loses velocity quickly and becomes harmless in a relatively short space. At close range, the wad is deadly. People have killed themselves or others playing with "harmless blanks." Children, believing a gun to be harmless, would be far more likely to play with it. This is a setup for tragedy.

Children should be taught to respect potentially dangerous tools at all times. If children are to be in the presence of guns they need to understand the reality of their power. We do not hand four-year-olds the keys to the car no matter how fascinated they are. We do teach our children that cars can be dangerous and responsible adults teach children to respect firearms, and to handle them safely.

*—Larry Jones*
*Lake Oswego, Oregon*

**So New**

As a new subscriber, I must note with shocked dismay your "Current Wisdom" department's improper referral to our republic as "Amerika." Indeed, the correct term for our racist-sexist-homophobic polity has for some time been "AmeriKKKa."

*—Chuck Moss*
*Birmingham, Michigan*

I read my first issue yesterday, and it was like water and light. I've never quite had a reaction like this; I realize now what a rare sensation it is for me to read an article or newspaper and not have the immediate urge to find the writer and throttle him a bit until he starts making sense. Not that I agree with everything; just that, by and large, the writers seemed to be trying to tell the truth. What a sorry pass it is we've come to, that this is odd.

*—J.G. Owen*
*Fort Salonga, New York*



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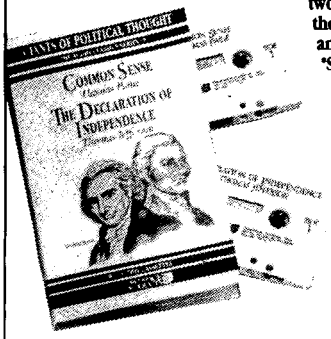


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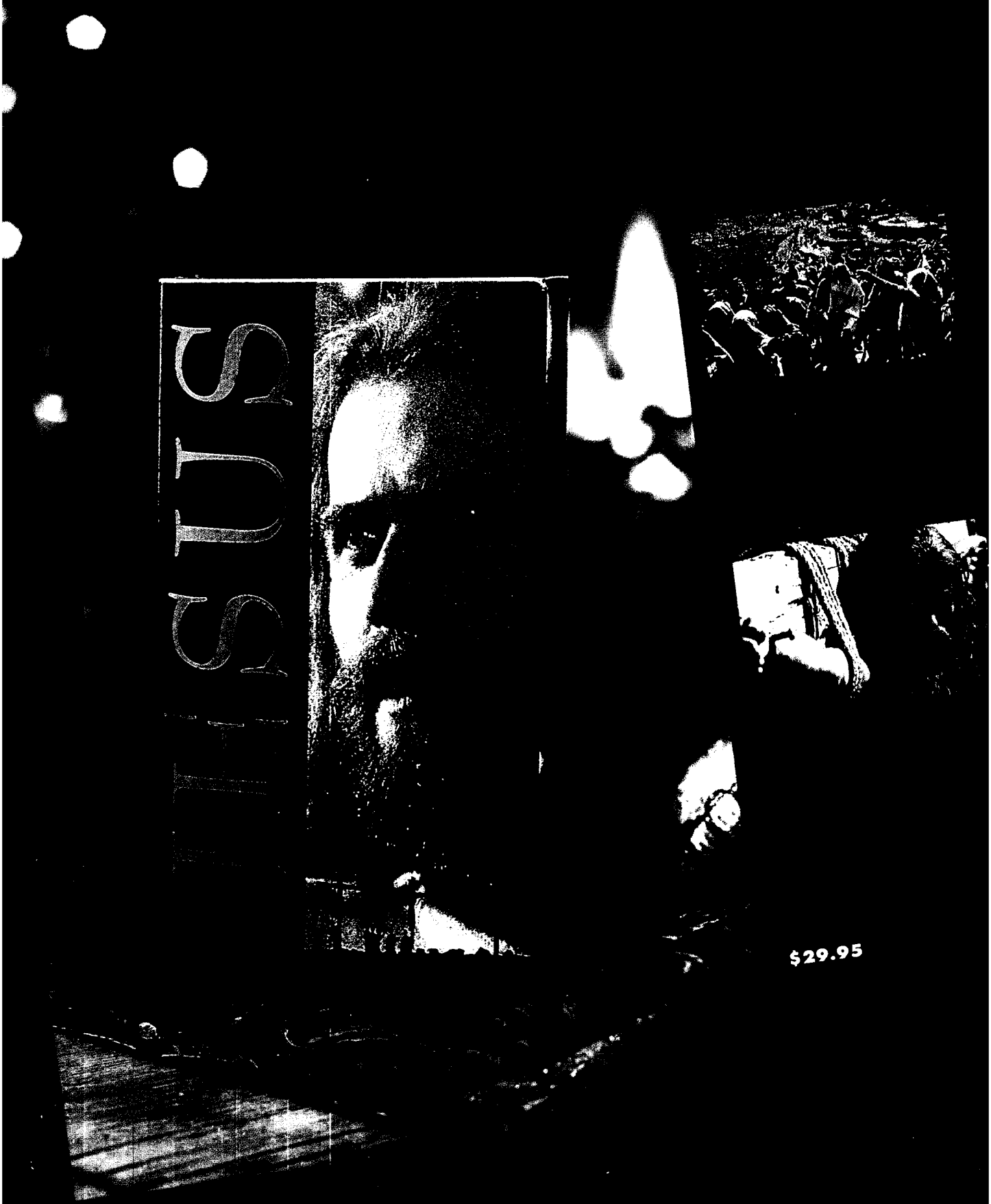


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